# THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1909. NO. 7.

# DEPARTMENT OF PEDAGOGY.

## MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

### ESTABLISHED BY THE STATE OF VERMONT.

The Department of Pedagogy of Middlebury College has outlined a series of post-academic courses which are offered for study to school superintendents, principals of high schools, and teachers in high schools, normal schools, and academies. The nature of the courses renders them of especial interest to all persons engaged in secondary education and supervision. Properly qualified candidates may count them for credits toward the degree of Master of Arts at Middlebury College. The courses are as follows:

*The A. M. Degree*

1. *The History of Education in Europe*

(*a*) From the Homeric period through the Renaissance.
(*b*) From the Reformation to the present time.

2. *The History of Education in America*

(*a*) The elements of American educational history.
(*b*) Special studies of movements, institutions, types and men.

4. *Principles of Secondary Education.* Psychological factors: the period of adolescence; the functions of the school; the psychology of methods.

5. *Organization and Management of Secondary Schools.* Physical factors: hygiene; discipline and control; local conditions and problems; critique and drill.

6. *Supervision I. The Principles of Elementary Education.* The physical growth and psychical development of normal and abnormal children, and the psychology of elementary methods. Prerequisite to Supervision II.

7. *Supervision II. The Organization, Administration, and Supervision of Elementary Schools.*

*Saturday Sessions*

While these courses are appropriate for individual, non-resident study by persons engaged in school work, the Department has deemed it best to provide in connection with them regular instruction on Saturdays at the college for the greater accommodation of teachers within easy reach of Middlebury. These courses will be given so far as possible between the arrival and departure of trains. Thirty such sessions will be held during the college year. A course taken in Saturday Sessions will be equivalent to one taken at a Summer Session.

For the current year the courses offered for Saturday instruction will be:—

1. (*a*) *History of European Education to the Reformation*

Text books, assigned readings, lectures, individual reports by students.
Thirty periods. Saturdays, 10:30. Dr. Collins.

5. *Organization and Management of Secondary Schools.*

Assigned readings, lectures, individual reports by students.
Thirty periods. Saturdays, 11:30. Professor McFarland.

Fuller outlines of both courses will be furnished upon request.

Applications for enrollment in the Saturday classes, or for registration as candidates for the degree of *Master of Arts* in Pedagogy (fee $5) may be made to the Professors of the Department. For the Saturday classes no fee will be charged. Correspondence with reference to any feature of the Department will be welcomed.

EDWARD D. COLLINS, Ph. D., Professor of Pedagogy

RAYMOND McFARLAND, A. M., Assist. Professor of Secondary Education

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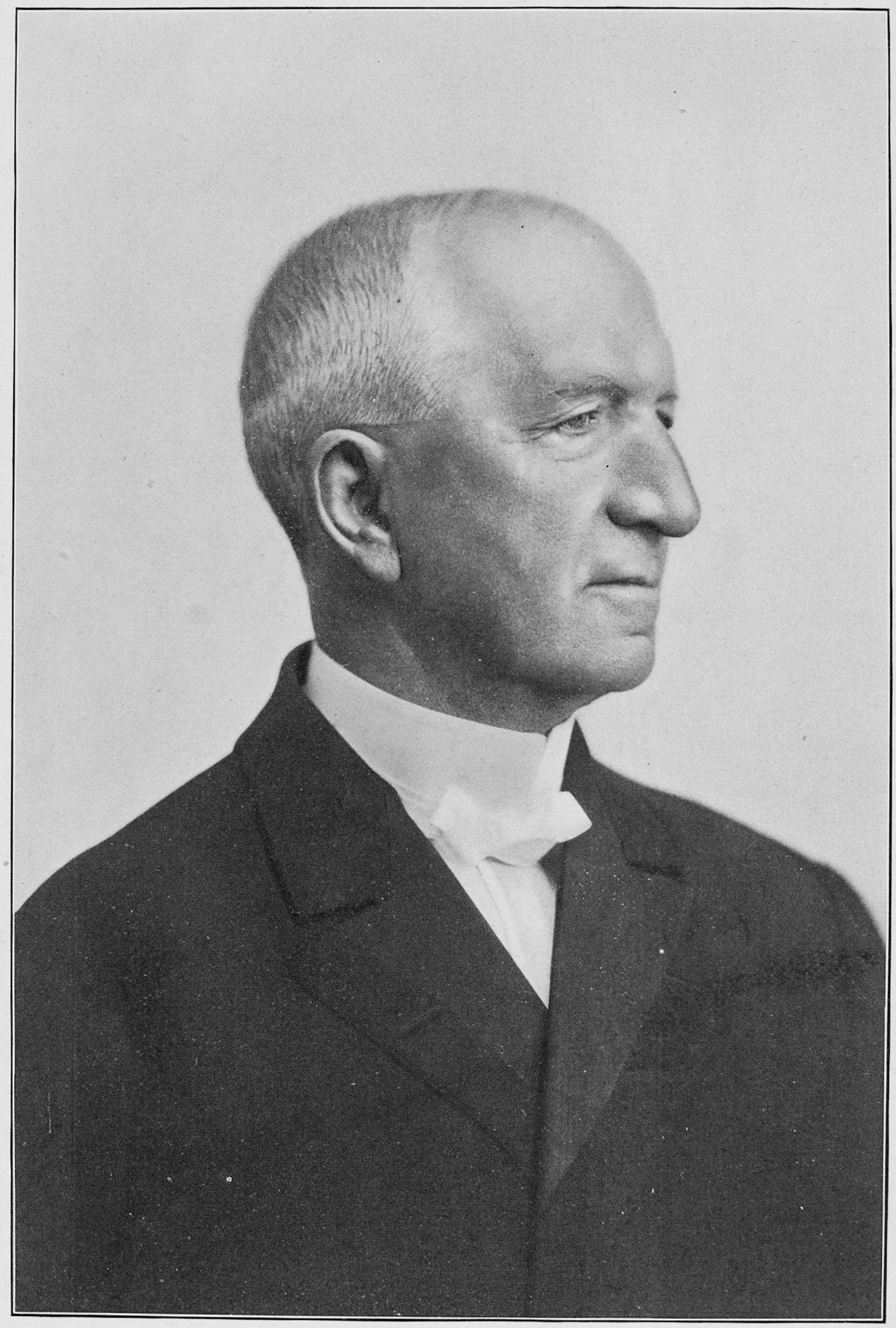

SAMUEL WARD BOARDMAN, D. D.

# THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

## THE JUBILEE OF A MIDDLEBURY PROFESSORSHIP.

### THE METAPHYSICS OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

[BY SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, '51.]

I BECAME professor of metaphysics in Middlebury College in September, 1859, and have since taught the same science for twelve years, as president of Maryville College. Such a semi-centennial as this naturally turns attention to the history of metaphysics and its progress during the last half century. I began in 1859 with "Sir William Hamilton's Metaphysics" as a text-book, having read his articles published in the Edinburg Review, while I was a student in College. Before leaving Norwich, for the professorship, I had added to "Bart," on the title page the letters "*imens*", making it "Bartimens," suggestive of his need to use the prayer of the blind man "Lord, that I might receive my sight." I thought, and still think, he, as well as Kant, his misleader, needed to offer it. One gospel narrates that there were two blind men at Jericho. Hamilton had adopted Kant's fatal doctrine of the antilogies of the Pure Reason; and had entangled himself in the hopeless confusion of his own doctrine of the necessary "contradictions of the human mind." While a graduate student, at Yale, in 1856, I heard that very sane and able metaphysician, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, break out in genuine Yankee indignation: "The blasphemy of the assumption that God Almighty would make one faculty of the human mind to contradict another!" This philosophy logically culminated in the well-known climax of Hegel, that existence and non-existence, positive and negative, right and wrong, true and false, good and evil, yes and no, are identical. Though Hamilton's lectures, which had jnst been issued, in 1859, bore the title "Metaphysics," they were almost wholly occupied with psychology, and as Sir William was the most learned, and perhaps the ablest of the later English-speaking philosophers, his book was highly stimulating. I have never seen college students more interested in the study of psychology.

The influence of German metaphysics through Coleridge had been, under the head of those able men, President Marsh, Profes-

sor Torrey and Professor Shedd, more felt at Burlington than at Middlebury. The poet Coleridge, whose studies were always desultory, had for a time been a Unitarian preacher, and afterward said that his head had been with Spinoza, while his heart was with Paul and John. At about thirty years of age, he heard, in German, the bold lectures of Schelling, who was also then young. Coleridge thus picked up scraps and fragments of the current German metaphysics which, with poetic genius, sometimes under the influence of opium, he continued to publish, with considerable effect upon the British mind, as long as he lived. Carlyle and Emerson derived also from the German metaphysics, and especially from the poet Goethe, suggestions, which they presented with genius, in a fascinating style. This was the general condition of metaphysics in 1859.

During my first term as professor in the fall of 1859, appeared the "Origin of Species," by Charles Darwin, the son of a physician, and grandson of the learned Erastus Darwin, author of an extended poem on the loves of the flowers. The substance of Darwin's "Origin of Species" was the hypothesis of evolution. The creation of immutable species; animal and vegetable; by the immediate power of God had been universally held. Darwin boldly assumed that species had not been formed by the design and fiat of God, but by a natural process of evolution through immense durations of time, by slow variations, through natural selections, and so from one or a few original germs to the development of the present entire universe. Evolution assumed that without immediate Divine Agency the so-called process of nature by "natural selection," by the "struggle for existence," and the "survival of the fittest," was due to nutrition and reproduction. There had been much preparation for this hypothesis in preceding centuries. The theory of Malthus, that the food of the world was insufficient for the rapid multiplication of consumers had promoted it. The deistic theory of the eighteenth century, that God is afar off and does not exercise much agency over the living world; the positivism, which holds that there is no real knowledge of the soul or of God or of anything, beyond the senses; the rationalism which substitutes human reason for God, and leaves no infinite Designer and Creator; all these ushered in evolution. There was a considerable prevalence of such writings as Emerson's "Oversoul"; very vague and misty; of treatises like Bush-

nell's "Nature and the Supernatural"; like Chambers' "Vestiges of Creation" and like Herbert Spencer's works, some of which had been already published, which prepared the way for the progressive reception of Mr. Darwin's startling hypothesis. It had been of slow growth and was very ably presented. Others, and especially Mr. Albert R. Wallace, an eminent naturalist, traveler like Darwin, and now a noted Spiritualist, presented, independently, nearly the same views. Mr. Darwin with notable candor, added afterward consistently his treatise on the "Descent of Man." Man's origin, as well as that of all other species of animals, he referred to natural selection proceeding from one or a few original germs which were developed through billions of ages into the present living human race.

The general hypothesis of Mr. Darwin, though promptly pronounced to be absolutely unscientific, unphilosophical and unscriptural by Professor Agassiz and others of the most expert scientists end ablest of philosophers, has yet been widely accepted and was soon applied to almost all the other departments of knowledge. Its conflict with the doctrines of the Christian Faith found an atmosphere of toleration so open that even such devout men as President McCosh and Professor Drummond largely adopted it. The classification of man with the lowest animal, in hereditary derivation, was accepted by some with pride as showing, in the words of an eminent Christian evolutionist, "how much improvement he had made upon his ancestors." This hypothesis has to a considerable extent dominated the recent development of metaphysics. By some the Bible, the church and Christianity are now looked upon as products of evolution rather than of Divine Revelation. Miracles are discarded in deference to natural law. The Bible is subjected to the tests of natural selection and large parts of it found wanting in the judgment of many of the higher critics. Yet the great majority of mankind, as we believe, cherish the old traditional estimates, both of science and religion. They see God everywhere, and believe that all things were made by a designing and loving Heavenly Father, and are the work of personal, infinite and eternal love. The Bible, Christ, the Holy Ghost are by most believed to be gifts from God, sent down from Heaven. In the days when Christ was on earth and the world was ablaze with the light of His presence, His life, example, miracles, gracious words and entire work,

some learned scribes, both Sadducees and Pharisees, did not believe, and so it is now. The knowledge of God, the reality and immortality of the soul, the entire Christian system are by some questioned or denied, but believed in as infallibly certain and sure, we suppose, by the great majority in Christendom.

But evolution ought to be traced further back. Locke, the greatest of English metaphysicians, made two enormous mistakes. (1) That knowledge is confined to sensation and reflection, instead of extending to mind and to God. (2) That knowledge, even so limited, is not knowledge of *things in themselves*, but only of the ideas of things. The first error led some to materialism; the second led Berkeley and others to idealism; while both led Hume to utter scepticism, virtually to nihilism. Kant, the ablest of German methaphysicians, was awakened by Hume's appalling scepticism from his dogmatic slumber over Locke's first error, and affirmed in contradiction to Locke that the mind *has* some knowledge which *transcends* that of matter from mere sense perception. This is the substance of German transcendentalism. But Kant did not break away from Locke's second and worse error, that the mind does not know anything in itself. Such an hypothesis, of course, neutralized all knowledge, destroyed science and abrogated duty and religion. But a higher metaphysics is now held. Of course, God only is back of nature, i. e. created things. Metaphysics concerns only those things which pertain to the Creator, his attributes, designs, character, and works. Aristotle well called metaphysics "Theologia." There are three grand sources of knowledge: (1) Theistic Perception, which knows the Infinite, God; (2) Mind Perception, which knows finite mind; and (3) Sense Perception, which knows matter. Each of these three kinds of Perception has three different forms of activity. First (1) the instinctive; second (2) the intuitive; third (3) the inferential or logical. All these sources of knowledge were implanted in the constitution of man at Creation. The fundamental knowledge imparted by them is therefore universal and unavoidable. In a fallen race it is broken and fragmentary; but still real and ineradicable. Beside these original and constitutional sources of knowledge there are also three forms of Revelation: (1) Of God in the written words, the Bible; (2) Especial knowledge imparted by Christ; and (3) The spiritual knowledge imparted

to those who will receive it by the Holy Spirit. These revealed means of knowledge do not supercede or interfere with human reason, or man's constitutional knowledge, but they supplement such knowledge. Revelation requires the full use of reason for its own proper understanding and application. The close of the half century, of which this year is the jubilee, the close of the first decade of the twentieth century, witnesses a considerable prevalence in Germany, Great Britain and America, all Protestant countries, of what may be called "The Scepticism of the Universities." It is the claim, in the name of "Science," to discard several of the doctrines affirmed in the Apostles' Creed, the thirty-nine articles, the Westminster and other confessions of the Christian Faith. These views have been, of late, ably set forth by President Eliot of Harvard, by several notable articles in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and in many other publications. In general they minimize the supernatural and make prominent the present world and present experiences. They emphasize the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the duty of good will and helpfulness; things which the old faiths also have been forward to promote from the beginning. They praise Christ and Christianity, but not the church. These scepticisms seem to betray a lack of vivid realization of God and of religious duty, and while urging much that is amiable and excellent to be deficient in real spirituality. There is not much in them of the exultant joy announced to the Shepherds of Bethlehem. Not much is said of the fact that God *so* loved the world, etc. Not much of Isa. 53d, or of Rom. 8th. At the close of this half century then we hold to the Ultimate Divine authority of all human knowledge. The Creator, who constituted the human mind, is authority for the truthfulness of all its spontaneous affirmations concerning God, mind and matter. The senses, the reasoning powers, and the spiritual intuitions are alike from God and are sure. He can not deny himself. One mental faculty was never made to contradict another; nor one order of created intelligences to have different standards of truth and duty from others. Time and eternity are under the same God and can not be at variance. God is not *under*, but the author of and over all laws, moral, mental or physical. Man knows things in themselves, because God, who made all minds and all things except himself, could not deceive his creatures. This immediate and

correct knowledge of God is Theistic Perception. That created minds know things in themselves, know them to be real, and know the knowledge of them to be sure, because endorsed by God is the doctrine of Theistic Realism. Reid, Stewart and McCosh, building on nature, taught *Natural* Realism. But Theistic Realism advances a step beyond them and establishes all knowledge upon the benevolence and veracity of God. This is perhaps the climax of metaphysics on this jubilee.

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THE initial appearance of *The American College*, the new monthly magazine published by the Higher Education Association, impresses us favorably. The cover, paper, type and general make-up are, from a mechanical standpoint, pleasing. But it is the contents that fill the want, which, to the best of our knowledge, is filled by no other one publication.

The contents consist of articles of educational import, historical collegiate events and discussions of other live issues, by such men as Clarence F. Birdseye, Rudolph Tombo, Jr., Woodrow Wilson, Charles F. Thwing, Richard C. Maclaurin, Francis J. McConnell and F. B. Lawrence. Then follows "The College Forum," consisting of discussions of important problems of American colleges; "The College Community," a discussion of athletics, religious activities, debating and literary, music and drama; "The College Home," news of the fraternities, sororities, independents, chapter houses and college unions; "The College World," relating to campus, faculty personals, student body, new buildings, administration and legislation, appropriations and bequests; "The College Press," clippings from college publications; and "The College Library," consisting of reviews, criticisms and notes.

It also contains a Directory of the Fraternity Press, and in the last issue the scores of the first football games of all the leading colleges.

We regard this publication as valuable, not only to the college man, but to all those interested in educational and college subjects. This publication, through the kindness of the librarian, has been placed in our library.

# "TO THE VICTOR."

[G. G. TAYLOR '12.]

"EVELYN, I wish you would'nt go to the prom. over at Northeastern, with Simons," said Dick Albright, seriously. "I know Northeastern is larger than Trinity and you have more fun over there, but honest, I don't like to have that fellow take you around."

"Well, and why not?" and Evelyn Richards' blue eyes snapped. "I'm sure he is a perfect gentleman in every way, and there is no reason why I should not go after he was kind enough to ask me."

"Perhaps there isn't a reason," Dick replied, "but some way I don't like the chap—not that I know anything very bad about him," he added hastily. "Only we have never been friendly, even when we were kids together. I wish you wouldn't go."

"I don't know as you have any right to dictate to me," Evelyn said spiritedly. "I like Harry Simons very much. He is a mighty nice fellow and he never tried to tell me what I should do or who should take me, either. I have agreed to go."

Dick was usually a very even tempered chap but somehow when there is an "only girl," its pretty hard for a fellow to have a personal enemy try to "rush" her, especially when she seems only too glad to receive his attentions.

As Dick had said, even as schoolmates they had been rivals and the rivalry had been more bitter as time went on, and ever since they had known Evelyn Richards the rivalry had spread from athletics, to well,—perhaps not love but something closely akin to it. Both were good athletes and Dick played fullback for Trinity while Simons had made the same position for Northeastern.

But with this similarity the resemblance stopped. For Simons was tall and "rangy," dark complexioned, with piercing black eyes, while Dick's eyes were grey and his hair as light as some Norseman's of olden time. He was shorter and more stocky than Simons. He succeeded by sheer weight and perseverance while the other was the more brilliant player. As

his roommate said: "Dick always spills the first six men who try to stop him and it takes the united efforts of the other five to down him, while Simons dodges the first six and the other five have all they can do to pen him in so he won't slip by."

Dick went to bed early the night before the "big game" but did not get that restful sleep which a star athlete should have. He was too nervous. There always is a strain on a player before the closing game of a season but in Dick's case this was aggravated by a feeling that his deadliest football rival was apparently successfully taking his place and winning the smiles of Evelyn Richards.

The prom. at Northeastern always took place the night of the Trinity game. If Northeastern won, it was a hilarious occasion. If they lost, it was far from dismal. "Any how," Dick reflected, "it won't be my fault if they win."

As he trotted on to the field for signal practice just before the game, he cast a quick glance over the Trinity stands and almost the first people he saw were the Richards. Mr. Richards, himself a famous fullback in former years, was on his feet cheering like a boy, but Evelyn sat quietly looking across the field to where the Northeastern eleven were coming out. She wore a knot of ribbon and when he saw it Dick fairly gasped for it was crimson, the Northeastern crimson. He couldn't believe it. Surely for her father's sake, Dick thought, even if he himself didn't count, she would wear the blue. But no, it was crimson plain enough. No doubt about it.

Dick's jaw squared. "Well, if Harry Simons stars the game today," he thought, "he's got to go some."

The whistle blew. The ball sailed far down towards Northeastern's goal line with Trinity's ends in hot pursuit. Simons caught it, leaped to one side just in time to avoid a tackler and started down the field, dodging man after man till only Dick and the little quarterback stood between him and the goal line. The former was trotting slowly toward the runner. Stooping, every muscle set, Dick suddenly dove, stretched out his hands and clutched—nothing. Somehow Harry had escaped him, sure tackler as he was. The little quarterback was more successful. He succeeded in clutching him but Simons broke away. Now a touchdown seemed certain for an instant. Then the issue once more stood in doubt. Reynolds, the right halfback, and sprinter as

well, was coming like the wind and gaining rapidly. As Harry crossed the five-yard line Reynolds dove and caught the Northeastern fullback cleanly about the knees. Both went down, but their speed was so great that they rolled a few feet before coming to a stop. Others rushing up fell on both men and held them. The whistle blew as the referee came running up. Just as Simons arose he saw the goal line less than a foot from the ball. He seemed to slip, and unseen by the referee and apparently by all save the Northeastern quarterback, shoved the ball along so that one end rested just over the line. That was enough. "It's over," was the decision, and the vast crowd yelled itself hoarse in praise of the run. Up in the stand a girl changed the crimson ribbon for the blue.

Toward the end of this half Trinity kicked a field goal, but that was the only other score made and the half ended 6–3 for Northeastern.

As Dick came out at the beginning of the second half he cast a quick glance at Evelyn. As he noticed the changed ribbon he started, then grew pale. He stepped over and spoke a few words to the quarterback. The latter nodded briefly. "All right, old man," he said. "I guess you're good for it."

Again the whistle blew. This time Trinity received the ball, but the halfback who caught it was downed in his tracks.

Then the struggle began. Time after time Dick was called on to carry the ball. Two, four, five yards at a time, seldom more. He bucked the line. Slowly, with never a fumble or a loss, he carried that ball down the field. Always he gained his distance, though sometimes it seemed impossible.

Now they reached the twenty-five yard line. The Northeastern rooters began to appear worried. Still, Dick was called on to carry the ball and still he gained his distance. Now he had but ten yards to go. He was weak, so weak he could hardly struggle to his feet. He knew one more rush would finish him. but he set himself for the last plunge with all the grit of his nature.

Straight, then, between guard and tackle he plunged. Summoning all his strength he broke away from two men. Others tackled him, but still he strugged on. Six, four, three, two yards to go. It seemed as if he must quit. His ankle hurt cruelly. One step more he took, then with almost the whole

eleven pulling him down, he dropped. But as he fell he shoved the ball ahead as far as he could, and as he touched the ground, he felt the line of the goal line across his face and knew that Trinity had won. Then he gave in, and when they picked him up he was unconscious.

When he came to, he saw Evelyn sitting beside the cot, still wearing the blue ribbon. He reached out and took her hand. "Why did you change the ribbon," he asked.

"I was watching that run," she said, through field glasses and "I saw Simons push the ball over. But, I guess I should have changed, anyway," she added.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

*The Campus* needs more contributors and more readers. The latent literary talent among the undergraduates needs more development. For these reasons the management has decided to institute a short story contest open to undergraduates. The length of stories must not exceed 1500 words. They will be judged by a committee to be hereafter seleted. For the best story a prize of $5 will be offered; for the next best a year's subscription to *The Campus*. All stories must be in by January 10. The stories which win prizes will be printed immediately in *The Campus,* and properly noticed therein. The editors also retain the privilege of printing any other of the stories which seem to them suitable.

The value of such a contest is not to be measured by the prize offered. The mere effort of making a trial for the prize is, possibly, the most valuable thing in connection with it. We hope that there will be a generous response; that *The Campus* may gain both contributors and readers, and that the future great American story writer may be discovered among our student body.—The Editor.

## A SUMMER TRIP.

[ASSISTANT-PROFESSOR DUANE L. ROBINSON, '03.]

THERE are so many interesting experiences in an extended vacation trip that it is rather difficult to give, within the limits of a short article, a very satisfactory account of three months of European travel. For one who has never crossed the ocean, the interest begins on the very first day out. New sights, new sounds, the new faces, many of which are to become so familiar before the voyage is over that they seem to belong to old friends—all these claim the attention. But the thing that is most prominent in the mind of the ocean "tenderfoot" is that peculiar sensation 'way down in the bottom of his stomach, and the vague wonder whether it is going to develop into *mal de mer* or whether it is only nervousness, after all. This last, however, is a problem that soon works itself out, although not always to the satisfaction of the party concerned.

We were a very pleasant company, on the French liner Chicago. The majority of the passengers were French, as were, naturally, all the officials and crew, whose efforts to understand the English and "made in America" French of the American passengers were pathetic to behold. But we had a big, roomy boat at our disposal, and friends are made easily on board ship, so all who were not sick were soon enjoying themselves. There were many college men on board, mostly teachers going to France for summer study, and among these were several college professors, two of whom happened to be my cabin-mates. Nothing shortens a long journey more than congenial company, and so the nine days of our trip had slipped away almost before we knew it, and the French coast was in sight.

We landed at Havre about noon, July 12—we had spent the Fourth at sea, *sans* fire-crackers, I am glad to say—and a special train was waiting to carry us directly to Paris as soon as we had finished with the customs. I never saw anything so rapid as their customs inspection. Just a wave of the hands and a flourish and it was all over. I spent five minutes in the customs house at Havre, and over two hours at Boston. But then, we in America are enlightened people, and know how to do things—in the most difficult way. The French levy duty on very few articles, the

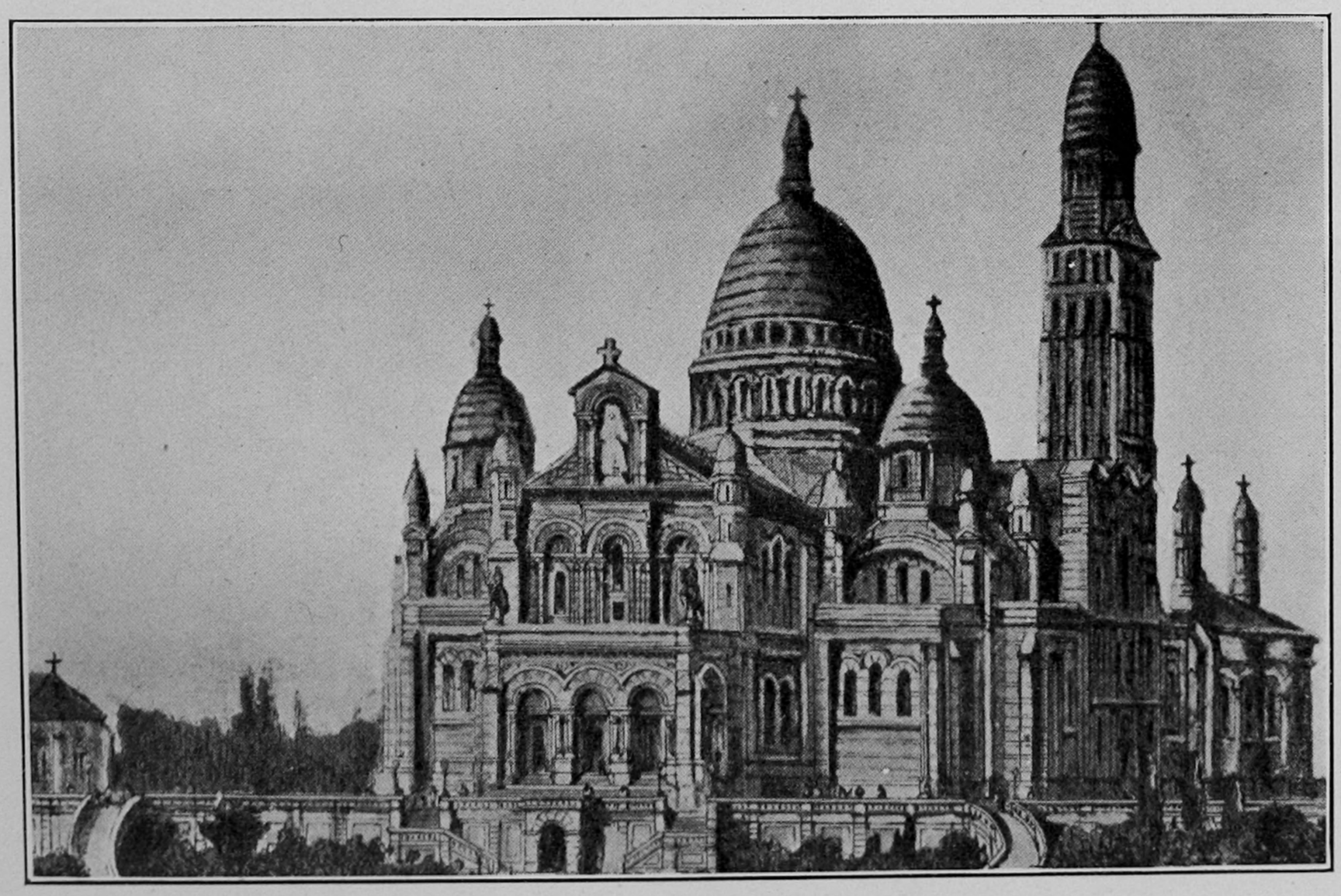
most important of which are cigars, tobacco, spirits and matches. A traveler is allowed to bring in ten cigars *or* twenty cigarettes *or* twenty grams of tobacco, and it was interesting to see passengers, just before we landed, hurrying around the boat, trying to give away their surplus smoking material. A good many only loaned it to their non-smoking friends, to receive it back a little later, after the blockade was run. It seemed odd that there should be a high tariff on matches, but they, as well as tobacco, are a government monopoly in France—they help to build Dreadnaughts.

Havre is a pretty little town when seen from the sea. I should like to have had a chance to see something of it, but there was not time enough. There was one thing, however, which I did see. The very first sign that I saw in the town, painted in heroic size on the brick walls of a large building, was the comforting legend: "Quaker Oats." It was my first intimation that France was addicted to the breakfast food habit. I was soon to find, however, that Heinz's fifty-seven varieties and Sunlight Soap are omnipresent, while one can buy Colgate's shaving stick in the heart of the Alps.

It is a very pretty trip from Havre to Paris. Quaint little towns, everywhere, with houses of brick or plaster, built up into the air out of all proportion to their ground space. I should say that the rooms must be about six feet square in many of them. Then the great unfenced fields, covered with little ribbon-like strips of grain and grass, make with their series of colors a very pleasing picture. To one who is accustomed to seeing large fields of one sort of grain, it seems strange enough to see a field cut up into dozens of little patches of different varieties, no two in the same stage of ripeness. It gives the impression of a large checkerboard on which the colors of the squares have become hopelessly mixed. All of rural France is a garden—everywhere where there is a foot of soil things are growing. Even in the little villages there are gardens everywhere, in the street, along the railway banks, in the most impossible places. Nature has become so accustomed to seeing space utilized that she has become an unconscious imitator. I saw several farm buildings covered with roofs of ancient thatch, upon which a very fair stand of green grass was growing.

It was nearly evening when the the Eiffel Tower loomed

FOUNTAIN, GARDENS OF THE LUXEMBOURG.



BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART.

upon the horizon, and one of my traveling companions, a young Frenchman, who had been teaching in America for two years, sprang to his feet with a cry of "Voila Paris!" And we were all glad enough to see it appear. Continuous motion for ten days has its very decided disadvantages, and I, for one, was anxious to get somewhere where I could sit down and feel that I was my own master again, and not under the control of a transportation company. Then, too, there was an odd feeling of wonder as to what it was all going to be like, together with a painful doubt as to whether my supply of French was going to be equal to the demand. But I was soon satisfied on that score. I had hardly reached the waiting room of the Gare St. Lazare before a hotel runner was upon me. Not only could he speak English, but he insisted on doing so, and, as his hotel was only a few yards away, and the terms reasonable, I meekly followed him, with a sigh half of relief and half of irritation because it was all so ridiculously easy. And what was my surprise on reaching the hotel to find an English inn. All the servants spoke English fluently, English dishes and English ale appeared on the menu and the dining room was full of English guests. "Voila Paris," indeed.

I was early astir the next morning, for I had planned to start out with my teacher friend, who had elected to spend the night at the same hostelry, on an extended sight-seeing tour. It was a peculiarly auspicious time for a visit to Paris. It was the thirteenth of July. The next day, the fourteenth, was the great national holiday of France, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and the streets were gay with bunting and flowers, while squads of soldiers were everywhere, making preparations for the military pageant of the morrow, and adding their quota of noise to the pandemonium of omnibuses, cabs, drays, automobiles and street venders whose combined racket made speech out of question and rational thought well nigh impossible.

I am not going to attempt to describe, except in the most general way, the places we visited. We stopped first at the Church of the Madeline, a beautiful temple in the Greek style near the Seine. Then we passed through the Place de la Concorde, probably the most beautiful square in the world, with its magnificent fountains and monuments to the great cities of France, bounded on the one side by the Champs Elysses and on the other by the Jardin des Tuileries; then across the river, past

the Chamber of Deputies, to the Hotel des Invalides and the Tomb of Napoleon. The last resting place of the great emperor is a most impressive sight. Down in a great circular pit, around the circumference of which are statues of maidens with bowed heads, is a massive shaft of red granite. All around the shaft are draped the flags his soldiers won in battle; while back of the tomb are carved on a marble slab his own final directions for the disposal of his body:

"Je désire que mes cendres reposeut
Sur les bords de la Seine
Au milieu de ce peuple français
Que j'ai tant aimé."

I could not help thinking, as I stood there, how fittingly the poet Shirley has summed it all up:

"Tho . . . . . your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men."

We visited the Eiffel Tower, that gigantic skeleton reaching up into the air to a height of nearly a thousand feet; the great Arch of Triumph; the beautiful Basilica of The Sacred Heart, at Montmartre, whose bell is one of the largest in the world. Here, too, is a solid silver statue of the Virgin, almost life size and of immense value. Of course Notre Dame was included in the itinerary, as also the Church of St. Etienne, where are the remains of St. Genevieve, by whose efforts Paris was saved from pillage at the hands of Attila the Hun. There are also the tombs of Racine and Pascal. It gives one a weird enough sensation to prowl around in musty old places hundreds, almost thousands of years old, places that were old before America was discovered and which look today, I imagine, pretty much the same as they did then. And who would want them to look otherwise? They are exactly in their proper setting in this old, old city, half whose charm is in its very antiquity.

But to continue. We "did" the Pantheon, the Opera, the Trocadero, the Jardin du Luxembourg, the Jardin des Plantes and, last ot all, the Louvre. I do not want to leave the impression that all this was performed in one day. It was the work of

nearly a week, and many times that amount of time could profitably have been spent. One ought to spend two weeks in the Louvre alone, to get even a superficial idea of the miles of galleries of paintings and sculptures which cover its forty-eight acres of territory. I spent the best part of two days in one wing of the sculpture galleries, and even then I have suffered from mental indigestion ever since. There are so many beautiful things to see in Paris that one needs half a lifetime to see them properly. But the average American goes through them just as he goes through his lunch in a railway restaurant—and with just about as much benefit to himself.

The beauties of Paris are everywhere. The broad boulevards, the magnificent palaces, parks everywhere, with beautiful fountains and statuary, the most enticing shops, and perhaps the most fascinating thing of all, the stream of human life that is continuously flowing past—la belle Paris! He who does not like Paris has my sincerest sympathy. There is something lacking in his make-up. He is out of touch with the world. One ought to be a better American citizen after he has seen Paris, and I can scarcely conceive of any man visiting the city without bringing home a mind saner, better ordered and broader from his experience there.

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## PETROGRAPHICAL MICROSCOPE.

Assistant Professor Thomas C. Brown is hard at work in the Geological Museum on the second floor of Warner Hall, which he has made over into a Geological laboratory and recitation room. He needs for his own use and the good of the students a Petrographical Microscope, with Bertrand Quadrant Eyepiece, Analyzer and Revolving Mechanical Stage. The net cost of this apparatus will be just a trifle under $200. What alumnus wants to further the cause of geology to this extent? Vermont is a very important field for geology and men who are to go out into the state ought to be given a chance to acquire a thorough knowledge of the science.

# REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

[L. H. HEMENWAY, M. D., '64.]

THE writer was asked to furnish an article with the above heading. The Civil War closed more than forty-four years ago—and the very small part the writer played in that tragedy seemed at first too insignificant to interest the readers of THE CAMPUS. But just at that time THE CAMPUS brought to me the interesting article by Richard S. Holmes, we used to call him Dick Holmes fifty years ago, and as I read it, a flood of memories surged up in mind, and I recalled those stirring days, full of national events leading up to the first call for volunteers. All the incidents mentioned by Doctor Holmes came up in mind as vividly, as if they had occurred only a year ago. So it seemed fitting to add a bit of autobiography to the article "Fifty Years Ago."

The writer entered college in the autumn of '59, one of a class of about thirty-five, only eleven graduated in '63. Let me call the roll of the soldier boys of '63: Boyden, serving in the 1st Vt. Vols., and afterwards in the 6th Vt.; Brennan, 1st Lieut. in the 142nd N. Y. Vols.; Butterfield, 2nd Lieut. 6th Vt. Vols., and mustered out as Captain; Coburn, serving in a Conn. Regt., and dying in service: Crane, Sergt. 6th Vt. and promoted to 1st Lieut., killed in battle; Graham, Capt. 37th Wis. Vols.; Herbert, 1st Lieut. 2nd U. S. Sharpshooters; Holmes, Sergt. 14th Vt. Vols.; Sabin, Capt. 9th Vt. Vols.; Prindle, Adj. 14th Vt. Vols.; Proctor, Sergt. 2nd U. S. Sharpshooters and afterward 2nd Lieut. U. S. Col. Infantry; Hemenway, 12th Vt. Vols. Isn't that a list to be proud of? I am proud in the thought that for three years I was in '63. One other member of '63 deserves mention—Tuthill, soon after graduating, served as Lieutenant in the 1st Mich. Light Artillery, and was with General Sherman in the Atlanta campaign, and with General Thomas, near Nashville. During the spring term of '61 the students were uneasy. Many felt that they must cut loose from college and enlist. I had the fever badly. So strong was the desire to enlist, that lessons were none too well studied for several days, while in company with W. H. Proctor, I went over the hill back of the athletic field and practiced with a rifle, in order to qualify as

a Sharpshooter. Both of us qualified as Sharpshooters, and Proctor enlisted in the 2nd Co. of Vt. Sharpshooters; but a wise father held back the boy of nineteen from taking a step that was premature, if not foolish. So lessons were resumed and recited, and the classes steadily grew smaller, as one after another dropped his books, and grasped a musket for his country. How vividly that commencement of '62 comes to mind. All the boys knew that Aldace Walker had gone to Shoreham to participate in the organization of a company in which he had enlisted. As one after another of his classmates gave his oration and came off the platform, there was much anxiety. The last man before Walker had just gone up to pronounce his oration, when there appeared, away up the road to Cornwall, a cloud of dust. As the horse came rapidly down the road, the watching boys hoped that Walker was the driver—and sure enough, it was Walker. He sent one back to his room to get his oration and the rest of us brushed the dust off his clothes, or blacked his shoes and, as the president called for the last speaker, he walked onto the stage, wearing the uniform of a First Lieutenant, announcing in his effective way, not only his enlistment, but that he had been elected as Lieutenant. The air was surcharged with patriotism those days; and as the large audience caught sight of Lieutenant Walker, there burst forth such applause as I have never heard given to anyone on a commencement stage. For many seconds it was not possible for him to begin speaking, and after his good-bye to his classmates, another round of applause was given. A little after August 4th, President Lincoln called for 30,000 men to serve nine months. Vermont's quota was about 5000. There was talk of drafting, unless volunteers came forward. Here was the opportunity; the consent of parents was obtained, and on the 19th of August, '62, I enlisted in the Rutland Light Guards, under Capt. L. G. Kingsley. The Light Guards were one of the companies of the State Militia before '60, and formed one company of the 1st Regt. of Vt. Vols. that served three months in '61. There were enough men left of the original company to fill all the commissioned and non-commissioned officers. There were some students, many clerks and printers, and many fine young men among the new recruits.

September 25th the Company went to Brattleboro, meeting there nine other companies that had served in the 1st Regiment.

The first night in the barracks gave us a foretaste of what was coming. We had some straw, in board bunks, and hardly blankets enough. Those boards were pretty hard, and as some of the boys didn't care to sleep, and didn't want others to sleep, the night was uncomfortable.

The first breakfast wasn't like what we had been used to; we were roused up by the drum; after a time the drum called us out to line up; and to the drum beat we were marched across the parade ground to breakfast. We found on the rough board tables at regular intervals a piece of boiled meat, a chunk of bread and a half pint of black coffee. I don't remember about having sugar. We certainly had no milk in the coffee, but we fared much better afterward, and perhaps it was as well to begin in this way. As a rule the fare was good. I never saw any hardtack that was not eatable; the mess pork and the beef were good, the coffee was very good, and most of the boys used it in preference to tea. After we got into the field we fared well, for we had an excellent cook. Guard mount, daily drills and the dress parade filled our days, and we were acquiring the soldierly bearing and the knowledge of tactics. October 4, we were mustered into the U. S. service by Major Austin of the regular army. On the evening of the 7th, we left Brattleboro, spending the night on the cars, and at five o'clock, on the morning of the 8th, we took the steamer at New Haven, Conn., for Jersey City. Here we were fed on soup and bread, and if one did not see how the soup was served, it tasted very good. One of our company Sergeants wanted a potato with his soup, and one of the street arabs plunged his hand into the soup, and fishing up a potato, sung out, "Here's a bully one for you Sergeant." Suffice it to say, the Sergeant didn't care for potato. As we crossed New Jersey to Philadelphia the luscious peaches offered for sale at every stop were freely bought. Peaches never tasted better than those. The Regiment reached Washington in the evening of the 8th and was quartered for that night at the "Soldiers' Rest." The next day we went into camp on East Capitol Hill. Here we remained for about three weeks drilling, and took part in several reviews. Meantime, the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Regiments of Vt. Vols. reached Washington, and on the 27th of October the order forming the five Vt. Regiments into a brigade was received with pleasure, and the several regiments were justly proud of the privilege of serving together.

The fine example of the 1st Vt. Brigade was an incentive to worthy service from our brigade. The first commander of the brigade was Colonel Blunt of the 12th, and the brigade was assigned to General Casey's division of the Reserve Corps. On the morning of the 30th, the brigade broke camp, marched through the city, and across the Potomac by Long Bridge, and camped five miles back of Arlington Heights. For a month or more we did picket duty on a line from a spot on the Potomac near Mt. Vernon, for six miles toward the Orange and Alexandria railroad. The nearness to Mt. Vernon gave a fine opportunity to visit that historic spot. In December, General Stoughton was assigned to command the brigade, and we were soon moved to Fairfax Court House. Now the picket line was along Bull Run and Cub Run. Late in December the Confederate, General Stuart, made a raid with about 1800 cavalry and a light battery, and passed between us and Washington, hoping to surprise and capture our post. The brigade was under arms all night, expecting an attack, but General Stuart, finding that we were on the alert, passed by without risking a fight. In January the brigade was moved forward, three regiments to Fairfax Station and the 12th and 13th to Wolf Run Shoals, while General Stoughton, with a small guard, kept his headquarters at Fairfax Court House, three miles from his nearest regiment. The two regiments at the Shoals found enough to do. The roads were in such condition as to make it very difficult for the wagon trains to draw rations enough to feed the men, so we built corduroy roads, made stockades for the tents, dug rifle pits to guard the fords of the Occoquan river, and picketed a line of seven miles on the outer defences of the Capitol. During the night of March 8th, Colonel Mosby, with 30 picked men, rode into the village of Fairfax Court House, captured General Stoughton with three or four officers and about 20 privates, and 55 horses, and quietly carried them away, and handed them over to Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee. Colonel Blunt again took command of the brigade. The last of March the regiments at Fairfax Station were moved forward near the 12th and 13th. The weather was severe and there was much sickness. Late in April Gen. Geo. J. Stannard was sent to command the brigade and he gave the regiments such drilling that we were kept in a high state of discipline and efficiency. The Orange and Alexandria railroad was now reopened for the use of

the army, and May 1st the 12th Regiment was sent down to Warrington Junction to guard the railroad; two companies, the Rutland and the Brandon, I think, were camped at Catletts Station, the other companies going to the Junction and beyond. The battle of Chancellorsville was then being fought, and the artillery fire was plainly heard. Before we were comfortably settled in camp, a sharp little fight took place about a mile and a half beyond us. Mosby with his men surprised a portion of the 1st Va. Cavalry while they were resting, and captured about fifty. As he was moving with his prisoners a squadron of the 5th N. Y. Cavalry, and a portion of the 1st Vt. Cavalry, came up and attacked Mosby. In a running fight of four or five miles they recaptured almost all the prisoners, and captured over twenty of Mosby's men. Some riderless horses galloped down to our camp and were caught. Some of our boys went over to the scene of the fight, and among the corpses recognized a confederate soldier who had been in the camp at Union Mills selling paper, ink, pens and pencils to our boys. For about six weeks the brigade laid near, and guarded the railroad. Early in June General Lee began his march to the north and the Union troops moved up the line of the railroad. After the last troops had passed, the brigade was brought together at Union Mills.

On the 25th of June the brigade began its march northward. The thoughtfulness of Colonel Blunt in advising us to pack up clothing and articles not needed, in barrels to be sent home, was much appreciated; for each of the boys carried only one-half of a shelter tent, one rubber blanket, sixty rounds of ammunition and five days rations. During that first day's march we were grateful for our Colonel's advice, for the other soldiers in the other regiments threw away woolen blankets and contents of knapsacks in order to march easier. The sun was blazing hot, when it shone; and there were frequent, heavy showers. Our brigade formed the rear guard of the army. The march on the 27th was especially tiresome, for we covered many miles and were not allowed to light fires to make coffee after the morning meal. Toward night we crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry on pontoon bridges. It was stated that the Confederates were pursuing us closely in an effort to catch us—hence the rapid march and the short rests. As I remember, many of the boys were badly used up, and many had blistered feet. Toward the close of the afternoon when the line

was showing great weariness, the General would order the band to play, and it was inspiring to see how the tired men would brace up, close up ranks, and step off briskly, keeping time to the strains of "John Brown's Body Lies Moldering in the Grave," or some other favorite tune. There were no stragglers then, and the pace would quicken, and there was no thought of being leg-weary. But we were glad enough to be north of the Potomac and have a chance to rest, cook our coffee and pork; and after eating, go to sleep on the ground. The next three days' march brought us to Emmitsburg and General Stannard had orders from Gen. John Reynolds of the 1st Corps, to which our brigade had been assigned before starting on our long march, to leave two regiments to guard the 1st Corps trains, and to follow the division with the rest of the brigade. The 12th and 15th Regiments were ordered to remain with the trains.

During this day, July 1, the battle of Gettysburg began. The 12th and 15th Regiments marched with the trains along the Emmettsburg turnpike to a grove about four or five miles from Gettysburg. As the sounds of the battle were so plainly heard, Colonel Blunt halted and sent on orderlies for orders. While waiting, General Sickles, with part of his corps passed, and directed Colonel Blunt to take the trains across to the Tarreytown pike and to send the strongest regiment, to follow him to the battlefield. A count of the two regiments showed that the 15th had more men in line than the 12th. This was a great surprise to Colonel Blunt, and a second count was made of the 12th, with the same result. So the 15th followed Sickles in high spirits, while the 12th were disappointed in not having a chance to get into the fight. We threw down the fences, turned the trains to the right, and marched till late that evening to get out of danger. After we were safely out of reach, Longstreet's corps of Confederates took positions near the Emmittsburg pike and no more Union troops went up that road. July 2nd, we started early with the trains, and marched twenty-two miles to Westminster, Md. It was a beautiful farming country and we longed to visit some of those farm houses. After it grew dusk Ripley and I dropped out quietly and went over a fence to a farm house, standing back from the road. We soon found a man, who took us to the milk house, and gave us bread and milk and pie until we were full; and he would take no pay, saying that he was glad to give us

something to eat. Then Ripley and I jogged along the road till we reached, and passed through the town, looking for the regiment; we heard the familiar voice of Major Kingsley's hostler who was caring for the horses, and calling to him were told that the boys were over the fence. We climbed over, and saw the ground covered with sleeping men, and soon we, too, were fast asleep.

The sun shone brightly as we waked the next morning. As far as we could see in every direction were canvas covered army wagons. This was the headquarters of the trains of the whole army, and we were the only organized regiment on the ground. We rested that day, having marched eight consecutive days. The 15th Regiment was ordered to rejoin us after spending a night on the battlefield on picket duty. In the afternoon they came in, with a large number of prisoners. Turning the Confederates into a field surrounded by a rail fence, the 12th were placed as guards around the prisoners; fires were lighted in the field, for the night was chilly. During the early part of the night, Captain Staley of my company told me that a rebel was enquiring if there were any Middlebury boys in the regiment; and added, "you may go over and see what he wants." Climbing over the fence, I went up to a group of men sitting around a fire, and called out, "who wants to see a Middlebury boy?" A tall, young man from another group arose and came to me, saying, "my name is Davis, and I was graduated at Middlebury College. His name was familiar, for I had often heard his name mentioned in social circles. He was Thomas Herbert Davis of '57, a Virginian, and with pleasing address. No wonder that he was a favorite in the social life of Middlebury. We sat down and had a great visit. He wanted to know all about President Labaree and the Professors, some of the boys of his day, and he asked if I knew some of the young ladies of the village. He showed me two or three tin-types of some girls that I knew. I learned that he had enlisted in a Virginia regiment soon after Fort Sumpter was taken, that he had been in many of the battles under General Lee, and that he had never been wounded. His rank, when I saw him, was captain. Finding out that he had not eaten since early morning, I went back for my haversack, and soon had a cup of hot coffee with hardtack and pork for him. He gave me as souvenirs one or two confederate bills, which I have

lost long ago. About mid-night we separated. After returning to college, I related the incident to President Labaree, and learned, in return, that Captain Davis had written to President Labaree, asking for a loan of fifty dollars.

Our terms of service having expired July 4th, we left Westminster July 5 for Baltimore, taking with us to Fort McHenry a long train of Confederate prisoners. From Baltimore we proceeded homeward and reached Brattleboro the 9th. On the 14th we were mustered out. I was at the commencement that summer and saw my old classmates graduated. Some of them I have not seen since that day, but if our lives are spared, I hope to see them at their fiftieth anniversary and help them celebrate it. The next year I was graduated, in '64—one of eleven. Three of the eleven had been in the army for nearly a year—Clark, Mead and Hemenway. Two others of the eleven, Noble and Prentiss, were former members of '63. Truly, as Dr. Holmes said, that war almost ended Middlebury College. The old college *was* sadly crippled, but the Middlebury spirit was alive through long years, and is now giving rich promise of greater things than we boys of nearly fifty years ago had dreamed of.

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A department of journalism has been created by the New York University, beginning September 20. The courses comprise news writing, including some practice in copy reading and proof reading; current topics and sources of information; editorial and business management; advertising and circulation; the writing of special articles and editorials; the law of libel and copyright.—*Boston Transcript.*

# NOTES TAKEN AT PRAYERS AT AN ADDRESS AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

[BY S. W. BOARDMAN, D. D., '51.]

FIFTY YEARS FROM ENTRANCE UPON HIS PROFESSORSHIP.

I HEARD our brother alumnus, the poet, John G. Saxe, say at the jubilee of the college in 1850, that College Memories were too *serious* for laughter, and too *pleasant* for tears. This is the jubilee of my professorship in this college, but we have not time now for *either*, laughter, or tears.

The Scripture says "Instead of the Fathers shall be the children," so instead of the pupils shall be college presidents. When I became a professor here, fifty years ago, Chandler N. Thomas was an excellent scholar in the junior class (he was afterward my parishoner at Auburn;) I now find his son president of the college.

A speaker whose time was very limited once said that he wished to say *one* word upon *two* points,—I can not do that; but I wish to speak *one* minute upon *each*, of five points.

## I. THE CERTAIN HISTORICITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

I became a professor here, just fifty years ago; I was a student here, sixty years ago; I first saw the college nearly seventy years ago; and I am here before you to-day a living witness of the college of those distant days.

I am also a living connecting link between the founders of this college and you. Swift and Merrill, the first tutors, Slade and Beman, among the earliest students, were familiar friends here, in my first connection with Middlebury. I have conversed with a man who was at the first commencement of Dartmouth College in 1773. The apostle John, who leaned on Christ's bosom, witnessed his crucifixion; cared for his mother; entered the vacant sepulcher; and saw Christ's miracles, and finally witnessed his ascension; lived too near the end of the first century; men who knew John personally, lived to the middle of the second century; and so the historic origin of supernatural Christianity, was made as certain, by living witnesses up to that day, as the origin of Middlebury College is made to you by a living witness to-day.

Historic Christianity is thus as assured in the experience of the human race as is the life of Julius Ceasar, or the existence of the Roman Empire.

### II. THE STRATEGETIC ADVANTAGES OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE FOR THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Ticonderoga, which is the axle of American colonial history, is nearer to Middlebury than to any other American college.

This is, locally, the best point for the study of the struggle between the English and French empires, and between the Romish and Protestant civilizations for the possession of the American continent.

The French expended immense sums of money to fortify this strategetic center at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The British, after the conquest of Quebec, spent $10,000,000 on these fortifications, the largest expenditures ever made in this region. Though I had never heard of any earthworks there, in 1812, I traced and mapped out the extensive earthworks built in the Eighteenth century, surrounding, at some distance, the fortress of Ticonderoga. Students of Middlebury College study the art of war over the historic military works near you! Have boat races on those historic waters, and ball games on those historic fields. Make Middlebury College the lighthouse of American colonial history.

### III. THE TIMELINESS AND NECESSITY OF RECENT AND FUTURE ENLARGED ENDOWMENTS FOR THIS COLLEGE.

Three of the professors in Maryville College have, since I resigned in 1901, become college presidents. Two of them have, during the past year, raised endowments, one $250,000 and the other $227,000 for their respective colleges. Each received $50,000 from the Rockefeller fund of $32,000,000, and $50,000 from Mr. Carnegie.

I am happy to learn that Middlebury College has already received $30,000 to found a professorship of psychology, entirely separate from the recent Pearsons endowment. I earnestly hope that this sum may be increased by other contributions in Vermont, and by $50,000 from each of the Rockefeller and Carnegie Funds benefactions, so as to make up the additional $250,000, shown to be so desirable in the recently published reports of the president and treasurer of this college.

IV. THE PROMISE OF PROGRESS IN PHILOSOPHY AND IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF HIGHER HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

My conviction is, that as the recent discoveries of X-rays, of radium, of wireless telegraphy, and hopefully of the North pole, have much enlarged the sphere of physical science, so there will come in the near future an equal broadening of the fields of Philosophy, Metaphysics and Theology. This advance will not come, in my judgment, through evolution, but through a deeper and more accurate interpretation of both reason and revelation, and a more thorough knowledge of both the natural and supernatural. Young gentlemen, for the North pole of metaphysics make a dash. It will make very little difference who first discovers it. Obey reason; confide in Revelation; follow Christ, who is the truth; walk in the Spirit, who leads into all truth.

V. THE KEY OF SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS FOR EVERY STUDENT, AS WELL AS OF EVERY OTHER MAN, IS IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The Spiritual includes the moral; the moral controls the intellectual; the intellectual reigns supreme over the material. Therefore, get Spiritual wisdom, which has the promise of all things of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Sir Walter Scott said, near his death, "there is but *one* Book, the Bible." Study that Book, as your guide in life. Mr. Gladstone said for substance that nine-tenths of the strong men of his generation were firm believers in Supernatural, Evangelical, Christianity. He affirmed that there is but *one* great work to be done in this world, i. e. to bring mankind under the benefits of the Gospel of Christ. When our Lord was crucified on Calvary his cross stood on Asia; his nail-pierced right hand was stretched out, as we suppose, toward Europe; his left hand toward Africa, while his face was turned toward the Western Hemisphere. Thus, his arms and heart embraced the whole world. Young gentlemen, live and work to bring this lost world back to God through Christ. My college classmases are all gone. Beloved College, Alma Mater, Hail!———and Farewell.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE, CONNECTED WITH MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

As long as there are men in the world, there will be an equal number of women, not inferior; unlike, but not unequal.

Humanity consists of two equal hemispheres, both necessary to form the perfect sphere.

Daughters inherit the same name, honors and fortunes. Why should they not receive the same, or at least an equal, education like sons?

There are twice as many women as men in the Christian Church,—and not half as many in State's prison.

As the creators of the home and of society, education in women touches the vital centres more closely than similar culture in men.

When I was a student here, I thought I should shrink from having a sister, (I am sorry I never had one) come down to the same level with such a set of fellows as we of that day were; but Professor Kellogg has recently reported to the trustees that the college boys of the present day are much more civilized than students were when he and I were in college.

My presidency for twelve years at Maryville College, where co-education prevails, presented very strong arguments in its favor.

It seems to be a vast economic waste to withhold from one-half the population the immense advantages of our colleges and universities. If the young men find themselves hard pressed in the rivalry of scholarship, it will do them no harm. I earnestly hope for the highest prosperity of the ladies' half, without deciding whether it is the better half, of Middlebury College.

Aviation is in the air in more senses than one. Aspire to rise, but be more ambitious of a safe and useful flight than of mere altitude. I came soaring too near the sun, on waxen wings, and fell to destruction.

Form a Ticonderoga Ladies' Historic Society. Hold an annual meeting at the ruined fortress.

Even the heathen, Socrates, if we may call him such, said that he was guided by something Divine. He was without revelation. But we know by revelation that the Holy Spirit will lead us if we will follow Him, into all truth, and through the truth into all duty. Walk in the Spirit, and so enjoy through life in all things that guidance of God.

## ASHES.

[EDITH ATWOOD, '10.]

SOMEWHAT stiffly, Uncle 'Bijah sank into the dilapidated old arm-chair on his porch, and gave vent to a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction. With the skill of long practice he lighted his pipe, then settled back comfortably, though even in repose his tall figure did not forget its military training,—and proceeded to enjoy the cool of the day.

This night marked the close of a period in Uncle 'Bijah's year. He was through haying. Little by little he had been cutting the scanty crop which the few acres around the house and on the hillside beyond had produced. To-night the last straw was safely packed away in the big barns, built when the farm was larger and more productive. Old Moll, released from the hay-wagon, was browsing on the short grass by the door. Brown Betty, having yielded up her pail of foaming milk, was turned out for the night, and Uncle 'Bijah's day's work was over.

Shut away from the world by encircling hills, the little home was the very embodiment of peace. The house was small, old-fashioned, and sadly in need of paint and shingles; the porch was an uncouth affair, evidently an after thought, and the work of an amateur—merely a slanting roof, upheld by rough posts, which still bore rudimentary branches. Everything about the place showed unmistakable signs of running down; yet, in the cool evening air, there was something about it homelike and attractive.

All at once Uncle 'Bijah's quick ears caught, above the chirping of crickets and the peeping of frogs, the sound of wheels. Instantly he became interested. Travelers on that lonely road were few, and seldom did such a turnout as now came into view appear on it; for a smart pony-cart, containing two fashionably dressed young ladies, was slowly making its way up the hill. When it stopped in front of the house, Uncle 'Bijah rose stiffly, removed his pipe, and hastened down the path.

"Oh," said an anxious feminine voice, "I'm afraid we are on the wrong road. How can we get back to town?"

Courteously, Uncle 'Bijah gave the information desired, acknowledged the profuse thanks of the young women, and

watched the cart drive away. A clear voice came back on the still air: "Oh, that poor old man! Imagine living all alone in this forsaken place! How starved and cramped his life must be!" And the pony-cart disappeared from sight.

Uncle 'Bijah stood for a long time, silently looking after the cart. Then he turned and walked slowly back to the house. He sank again into his old chair, replaced his pipe in his mouth, pulling at it half unconsciously, and was lost in a deep revery.

It was again a spring morning—with the fragrance of cherry blossoms in the air, birds on every bough, singing in the very ecstacy of jubilation, the sunshine warm on the hilly field, where Star and Bright slowly yet steadily drew the plough, obeying the directing goad of a youngster who, arrogant in this first expe-ence as an ox-driver, lustily shouted, "Gee!" and "Haw!" "Careful, boy, careful," Father would say, as he held the plough, keeping a watchful eye on the driver. Up and down, back and forth, the whole morning long, the little procession would go, leaving in its wake a stretch of newly-upturned soil, reeking with richness, whose scent, mingled with that of the cherry blossoms, was yet fresh in his nostrils.

Again, a shaded road, its smooth, hard earth always cool to hot and dusty feet; just over the fence the splash of a seductive stream, full of possibilities, with deep pools, miniature falls, and shallow, stony reaches, here the haunt of fish, there a favorite lurking-place of frogs; nearby, a forest, abounding in all sylvan treasures—ferns and flowers, puff-balls and toad-stools, birds' nests and squirrels, snail-shells and rabbits—the very Arcady of boyhood, and all this by the perversity of Fate, to be hurried by twice a day by a youth who loved Nature and hated school. What wonder that, with all these enticements urging him to truancy, Lucius Abijah Allen was sometimes absent from school? What wonder that, on the homeward way, he lingered until long past nightfall, while Mother, torn between anxiety and wrath, grimly prepared a stick. Yet great times he had had in his school days! Uncle 'Bijah chuckled aloud at the thought, and almost wished himself a boy again.

And now lengthening legs and broadening shoulders pro-claimed him a man and, leaving behind all paternal oversight, he could work alone—he was grown up, and something new came into his life. All at once the birds burst out in jubilant song—

the whole world becomes rose-colored—it was good to be alive. Only a pink-cheeked country girl she might have seemed to some, but to him—Uncle 'Bijah drew a quick breath at the remembrance, and felt the old thrill at his heart.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Father and Mother gone. A new presence exerted its influence upon the homestead. The young farmer whistled and sang at his toil. Every moment was turned to account in improving the home. For the young wife's pleasure the little porch was added—at what cost, rough as it was, none but himself could ever know. There was hard work at all times, and yet, spurred on by the incentive which makes men giants—love of home and family—the effort was worth while.

Later, the terror of war penetrated even to that little hamlet—roused men everywhere—stirred them to the depths of their souls—he, too, marched away, to fight, to die, if need be, cheerfully, for the country so dear to all.

The pleasures and hardships of camp-life, the danger and excitement of the battlefield, sickness and death on all sides—amid all these he carried with him the remembrance of the dear ones in the old farm so far away.

At last it was over—he returned by trains which were all too slow. They did not expect him. With beating heart he hurried up the hill—paused for a moment and glanced around—it was all the same—the dear old home. It was after nightfall, yet objects were still distinguishable—the cheery candlelight was shining out from the window, as with anticipation that was almost dread, he hurried to the door. All were safe—his home-coming was replete with the joy of one whose life had been mostly spent at home.

Soon sickness and death visited the home. The wife, who, grown stout and ruddy, was none the less dear to him, was taken away. The daughters married and left home. Repeatedly they besought the old man to live with them but he could not leave the old farm. He would die where he had lived.

Not an eventful life—yet it had been a happy one. There was no bitterness in these reveries. Uncle 'Bijah suddenly came to himself. It was dark. He still pulled at his pipe, though its contents were long since reduced to ashes. He rose, and stood

for a moment on his porch, drinking in all the beauty of the summer evening. Absent-mindedly he repeated the words of the departed young woman and wondered what she meant. He puzzled in vain. Finally he shook the ashes from his pipe. As he did so he paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Nothing but ashes," he mused. "Yet there was a good deal of strength in it. 'Twas about the same with the things I've been thinking about to-night—full of life while they lasted, but burned down to ashes." "But," he concluded reflectively, "I'm glad the ashes are left."

A hush was over everything in Nature, and something in the old man's heart went out in yearning sympathy. At last, almost reluctantly, he turned and went in to his solitary supper.

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## SOME INTERESTING BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Adams, History of the United States.
Brown, Young Man's Affaiıs.
Butcher, Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects.
Bury, Ancient Greek Historians.
Caird, Critical Philosophy of Kant.
Crockett, History of Lake Champlain.
Devine, Misery and its Causes.
Dicey, Study of the Constitution.
" Lectures on the Relation Between Law and Public Opinion in England.
D'Ooge, Acropolis of Athens.
Ellis, The Criminal.
Flexner, American College.
Gardner, Grammar of Greek Art.
" Handbook of Greek Sculpture.
Garnett and Gosse, English Literature.
Gomperz, Greek Thinkers.
Griggs, Moral Education.
Gulick, Mind and Work.
Hadow, Oxford Treasury of English Verse.
Hall, Youth.

Hart, American History Told by Contemporaries.
" American Nation.
" Heath's Pedagogical Library.
Hyde, College Man and the College Woman.
James, Pluralistic Universe.
Jusserand, Literary History of the English People.
Kipling, Collected Verse.
Kropotkin, Mutual Aid.
Lowell, Government of England.
Mach, Greek Sculpture.
" Macmillan's Cambridge Scientific Series.
Mahoffy, What Have the Greeks done for Modern Civilization.
Marquand, Greek Architecture.
Maynadier, The Arthur of the English Poets.
More, Shelburne's Essays.
Munsterberg, Psychology and Life.
" Eternal Values.
Murray, Rise of the Greek Epic.
Palmer, Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.
Paulsen, Immanuel Kant.
Ross, Sin and Society.
Scott, Hague Conference.
Shaler, The Neighbor.
Stephen, Studies of a Biographer.
Stone, Studies in the American Race Problem.
Sumner, Folkways.
Tarde, Laws of Imitation.
Thomson, Brain and Personality.
Veblem, Theory of Business Enterprise.
Ward and Waller, Cambridge History of English Literature.
Wright, Short History of Greek Literature.

# COLLEGE EXTENSION.

PROFESSOR COLLINS INTRODUCES ADVANCED COURSES FOR TEACHERS, SATURDAY CLASSES.

THE Department of Pedagogy of Middlebury College has outlined a series of post-academic courses for School Superintendents, Principals of High Schools, Teachers in High Schools, Normal Schools and Academies. It is designed to reach all persons engaged in work of High School grade. These courses are:

(1) The History of Education in Europe and America, a foundation for the study of educational methods and principles, and the present problems of American schools.

(2) Secondary Education. Psychology as bearing upon the problems of the High School, the organization and management of secondary schools.

(3) Elementary Education. Supervision and organization of common schools, designed especially for Superintendents.

Outlines for these courses will be made, with directions for study, so that teachers now engaged in active work may prosecute them in their homes. Where a teacher is properly qualified, successful completion of these courses will count towards the Degree of Master of Arts.

In addition to this private work, the Department announces regular instruction on Saturdays at the College for the greater accommodation of teachers within easy reach of Middlebury. These courses will be given, so far as possible, between the arrival and departure of trains. Thirty such sessions will be held during the present College year, having begun Saturday, October 23d.

In the new quarters of the Department in the College chapel, a Pedagogical Library numbering 600 volumes has already been established, and a large number of current educational periodicals are on file. Both library and periodical lists contain literature on elementary school work, child study, and special methods.

There is also being built up as rapidly as possible an educational museum, designed to present illustrative material of the entire educational field. It will thus be seen that the College Department of Pedagogy by no means confines its interest to advanced educational fields but covers the entire ground from the kindergarten upward and its work will improve educational endeavor along all lines.

# OBITUARY.

## SAMUEL B. PETTINGILL, EX-'61.

VETERAN JOURNALIST AND CLERGYMAN DIES IN VERMONT OF APOPLEXY.

SAMUEL BARRETT PETTENGILL, veteran journalist and clergyman, died in Saxtons River, Vermont, at his home October twenty-sixth, of apoplexy, aged 70.

He was born at Grafton, Vt., in 1839, and was educated at Middlebury and Amherst Colleges and later studied for the Congregational ministry at Princeton and Andover Theological Seminaries. He graduated from the latter in 1866 and preached for a few years at Royalton, Vt. He then became editor of the Rutland (Vt.) "Daily Herald," and in 1879 editor and publisher of the St. Albans "Messenger." In 1883 he went to Portland, Ore., and became editor of the "Oregonian," and six years later he went to Tacoma, where he edited the "Daily News" and the "Ledger."

In 1862 he enlisted in Company B, Seventh Squadron Rhode Island Cavalry, the only company in the Civil War composed entirely of college students. After the war he wrote a history of their service entitled "The College Cavaliers."

He leaves one son, Samuel Barrett, Junior, Middlebury, '08, who is now a student at the Yale Law School.

# MIDDLEBURY EDITORIALS.

## THE WESTMINSTER.

[REV. R. S. HOLMES, D. D., '76.]

MIDDLEBURY College has had a great history. In a very small State, with another college only 30 miles away, it has held its course for more than a century, taking boys off Green Mountain farms to equip them by poverty with power to press into life's formost places.

Bishop Whitaker of Philadelphia is a son of Middlebury. Senator Foote, who was one of Vermont's greatest men in the days of the Civil War, was a Middlebury man. John W. Stewart, United States senator from Vermont to-day, is a Middlebury man. Judge Tuthill of Chicago; Aldace F. Walker, so-long almost the first of the railway lawyers of the United States; A. Barton Hepburn, comptroller of the United States, distinguished financier, leading member of the New York Chamber of Commerce; Secretary Barton of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; George Nye Boardman, long the cheif glory of the Chicago Congregational Theological Seminary; and Cyrus Merrill, one of the country's most distinguished oculists, were and are Middlebury men. As a college it has been worth while.

These words are *con amore*. Why not? They are penned by a grateful son. The habits of thought that are ours, such as they are, are formed under the influences that center on that little hill west of the peaceful Vermont village. Our morning look for four years was toward the great Green Mountains. At night we saw the sun go down behind the peaks of the Adirondacks. The coolness, the steadiness, the calm of those age-old crests passed into the soul of many a man from the days of Silas Wright even until now.—*The Westminster, Philadelphia, Aug. 1.*

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## LIFE.

[J. A. PECK, '98.]

THE following communication appeared in the New York *Times*: "Why these plaints from discouraged mothers and others about popular education in the East, when there are a dozen or more colleges whose doors are open at trifling

expense to the ambitious and industrious student, institutions which offer as good courses in the classics, modern literature, mathematics, history, and philosophy as the large universities? The writer was graduated from Middlebury College, an institution over 100 years old, with an excellent faculty, 200 students, beautiful grounds and buildings, located in a beautiful Vermont village. The faculty has at its disposal a considerable number of scholarships, which cover a large part of the college expenses of industrious and worthy students. The writer's fees to the college during the entire four years' course amounted to less than $50. Board, clothes and books are small items, and there are opportunities to earn part of them. The great universities have their advantages, and they are open to those who can afford them. By many, however, the advantages of the small college, for undergraduate work, are considered superior, irrespective of expense. Be that as it may, the small New England college offers to those of slender purses four years of wholesome, gladsome life in the country and a college education, the worth of which is dependent upon the character of the student himself."

We quote this letter because its sentiment is so thoroughly in keeping with our own. The big universities are turning out some splendid men, but in our belief they are doing this not because they are big, but despite it. The whole atmosphere of a country college is earnest and wholesome. Upon its faculty are men of the highest character, fine attainments and pronounced teaching abilities. Their salaries are small and they live simply and happily and healthfully, for there are none of the fascinations of the city to take them from the simple life, and their work, and the same recreations of the country, *is* their life. So with the earnest student. The distractions of larger institutions are not his. Every member of his class is almost like a brother to him, a relationship impossible in the large classes of the university. Every man in the real country college, like Amherst or Middlebury, Brown or St. Lawrence, stands upon his own merits, and wealth is an incident, not a requirement. The country college every time for us.—*Life (New York City), Aug. 1, '08.*

THE annual report of President John M. Thomas, of Middlebury College, shows gratifying growth and progress in that institution. With more students, new buildings are needed. Already provision has been made for a building for women but that will not take care of the increased attendance. This gain is a hopeful sign and it shows what character, brains, and energy can accomplish. Not only Middlebury College but the whole State is benefitted by the return of Dr. John M. Thomas to Vermont.—*Montpelier Journal.*

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THE opening address of President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College the other day was one of sanest expressions uttered by a college president in recent days. He said that the "Middlebury idea" was something like this: A plainman's college, where no extravagancies were wanted or encouraged; co-education—the girls should have in every particular equal opportunities with the boys; education, rather than athletics, was paramount; a man would better fail through inability or unadaptability than through lack of effort; grit, even if it eventuated in failure, was better than not to try. Doctor Thomas has given the students fortunate enough to be under his guidance several fundamental truths to ponder. The students will not fail to find inspiration in his words.—*Vergennes Vermonter, Oct. 7,'09.*

# FOOTBALL.

ALTHOUGH there have been but two home games this season, considerable interest has been taken in the football situation.

The season began with a game with St. Michael's College at Middlebury, Oct. 9, which was a very interesting contest. Wray of Middlebury kicked off to Limoges. St. Michael's advanced the ball to the center of the field and lost it on downs. After an exchange of punts, King of Middlebury got the ball on a fumble and carried it 50 yards for a touchdown. No goal. After the next kick-off Middlebury rushed the ball to the visitors' five-yard line, but lost on a fumble. The half ended with the ball near the center of the field. Score: 5–0. In the second half Middlebury tried substitutes in nearly every position and no scoring was done.

The line-up :

| ST. MICHAEL'S. | | MIDDLEBURY. |
|---|---|---|
| Charbonneau, | l. e. | Hunt, Coleman |
| Hogan, | l. t. | Carter, (capt.) |
| Flynn, | l. g. | Goddard, Bump, Twitchell |
| Leduc, | c. | McConnell |
| Corbitt, | r. g. | Wright, Hamilton |
| Miller, | r. t. | Leonard |
| McMahon, | r. e. | King, Pollard |
| Mahar, | q. b. | Wray, Smith |
| Limoges, | l. h. b. | Chalmers |
| Griffin, | r. h. b. | Palmer, Moore |
| Brennan, | f. b. | Hallett, Morhous |

Time of halves, 20 min. Touchdown, King; referee, Huntley; umpire, Mack; timer, Ross; lineman, Bundy. Score 5–0.

Owing to difficulties at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the games with that institution, which were scheduled for Oct. 16 and Oct. 23 had to be cancelled. On Oct. 23, however, a game was played at Middlebury with the Berkshire Athletics, from the squad at Williams. The game was a snappy one throughout.

Leonard kicked off to the Athletics' 15-yard line. The visitors advanced the ball 30 yards and lost it on an on-side kick.

Middlebury carried it nearly to the opponents' goal line, where it was lost through a fumble. The visitors were soon held for downs. An exchange of punts followed, and the half ended with the ball on the Athletics' 50-yard line. Score: 0–0. In the second half the Athletics kicked to Leonard. Middlebury soon punted. It was anybody's game until the last five minutes of play, when Middlebury began to gain through the line. With only three minutes to play, King carried the ball around the right end and through the visitors' backs for 40 yards and a touchdown. No goal.

Middlebury then kicked off to the Athletics' 10-yard line. Carter blocked an attempt to punt and Goddard fell on the ball behind the opponents' goal line. No goal. The line-up:

| ATHLETICS. | | MIDDLEBURY. |
|---|---|---|
| Van Witzleben, | r. e. | Bundy, Pollard |
| Perry, | r. t. | Hamilton |
| Eyre, | r. g. | Goddard |
| Latimar, | c. | McConnell |
| Bailey, | l. g. | Twitchell |
| Angevine, | l. t. | Carter, (capt.) |
| Powell, (capt.) | l. e. | Hunt |
| Gildersleeve, | q. b. | Smith, Ross |
| Bohnet, | f. b. | Palmer |
| Thomas, | l. h. b. | King, Chalmers |
| DeBronkart, | r. h. b. | Leonard |

Time of halves, 20 min. Touchdowns: King, Goddard; referee: Rooney of Williams; umpire: Pierce of U. V. M.; linesmen: Barnes and Wurzbach; timer: Carlson.

On October 30, Middlebury played St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y. The game resulted unfavorably for the Middlebury team, ending with a score of 17-0 in favor of St. Lawrence.

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## THE SECOND TEAM.

A GREAT deal of credit is due the few men who have comprised the Second Team and have patiently endured the attack of the varsity in order to develop their defense. With apparantly no reward in sight they have labored, for on account

of finances it is impossible to arrange a schedule in advance, so games must be taken on when an opportunity arises.

To date these boys have had two games, the first with Vergennes High School resulting in a 5-5 tie, but brought to light some varsity material. On October 30, St. Peters A. A., of Rutland, an independent team of varsity calibre succeeded in taking the boys into camp to the tune of 47-0. At present there are two more games to be played: November 13, Middlebury A. A., at Middlebury; and St. Peters, at Rutland, on November 25, when the scrubs hope to wipe out their former defeat.

Football is no longer a game for eleven men, so if at first you don't succeed, keep on plugging, for freshman sub. has an even chance to become captain as a senior if he can produce the "goods", and if not, at least, has the satisfaction of knowing he has done his share towards developing the varsity, and at the same time acquired a little college spirit.

The second team squad: Reynolds, Bump, Thomas, English, Downing, Dancink, Danbrook, Barnes, Harris '12, Hallett, Morehous (captain), Kopke, Wurtzbach.

# THE EDITOR.

WE have received several inquiries concerning the plans for the development of the college plant contained in the last issue. These illustrations were taken from the report of the president and treasurer, and reference is made to them on page fourteen of that bulletin. The drawings were prepared by W. N. Albertson of New York and are designed to present a scheme for the future development of the college as opprtunity and resources allow. The general plan is that of separating accomodations for men and women, retaining the present college buildings and those which may be added to them on the south side of College street, or Bridport road, for men, and providing buildings for women on the other side of the street. The first step in this direction will be the erection of a dormitory for women, which the Pearsons fund has made possible. In time it is hoped to have an administration and recitation building, exclusively for women, adjoining the dormitory, and other buildings as shown in the plan.

The distinctive feature of the plan as related to the present campus, or the men's side of the college, is the transformation of the present dormitories into buildings for instruction, making the present plant of the college a group of buildings for administration, instruction and laboratory purposes, and providing for dormitories and a residence group on the crest of the hill to the west. The plan is a large one and it is not expected that it can be carried out at once, but it is believed that it is the part of wisdom to locate each new building with reference to a consistent and harmonious development of the college which Middlebury ought to be.

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WE should like to suggest that the Rules Committe declare themselves as opposed to things which are a needless hindrance to athletic activity. If the freshmen were required to hold their banquet *after* the football season, there would then, perhaps, be no lull in the practice such as was occasioned by this year's affair, and the banquet could still be just as successful in every way. (This is not intended as a criticism of this year's

banquet alone; the same state of affairs has existed before.) If it were not merely asked, but required, that football sophomores let hazing alone, and that, more particularly, football freshmen be let alone by the ever-watchful soph. until after football was over for the year, it would undoubtedly be a benefit to all concerned.

---

AMONG the many student activities none are more beneficial and none conduce more to an independence of thought and a mental self-reliance than do the various departmental "clubs." With this fact, universally accepted by college and university, in mind, look over the category of such clubs as existent in Midd. It is not a wide one and what is the reason? A lack of enterprise, we fear, on the part of the undergraduate body. Within the past two years, a Musical Club, a Debating Club and a Civics Club were organized. The latter is now non-existent, but we congratulate the members of the other two clubs upon the success attendant upon their efforts. There is a possibility of several more, a Dramatic Club or a Modern Language Club. But THE CAMPUS in this issue wishes to make a strong appeal for a Press Club. It is recommended that its duties should comprise in part, those of the former Civics Club and be further discharged in the publication of press comments and exchanges concerning our college, either at home or abroad, seeking to herald her merits to more distant parts and making her more intimate with friends already attracted.

This, in bare outline, would constitute but the ground-work of the Club's work. Wide fields for activity lie open. Scarcely a day passes, but we read of how our colleges are crying out against the abuse of the "yellow" journal's over-quoted and distorted facts about prominent members of faculties, heads of institutions and even the colleges themselves. College professors are being made guilty of making most absurd statements and the imagination of reporters runs high. With the organization of a Press Club, we might guard against such evils by a demand that accounts of academic affairs should be transmitted through their editorial sanctum.

THE CAMPUS will regard itself as the point of crystallization, the agency for welding any proffered suggestions or methods toward the solution of the problem.

MIDDLEBURY needs more yells and better ones. We haven't had a new one during the time of the oldest senior here present and the oldest graduate falters when you attempt to find when the last good one came. New yells and songs are a feature practically at all Colleges during the football season. A good football song doesn't have to be entirely original to take well. Parodies on popular songs always are in favor because the music is "catchy."

We fellows here in Midd have ability enough to have a splendid collection of songs and cheers if we only will and we ought to make the most of that ability. A good college song will create more "college spirit" in minutes than a season of victories up to and including Norwich. Eleven men alone can't win a football game. They must have the student body back of them cheering them on to do their best, and there's a lot more inspiration in a good yell than in an old one. So let every man who has the germ of an idea along these lines catch said germ and confine it in an envelope and give it to the editors. They will do their best to have it adopted, be it worth while.

---

ALL good things come slowly. But they are surely coming to the women of the college. Through the suggestion and intercession of Miss White, the college has allowed the necessary sum for the remodeling of the "fron" and adjoining rooms.

The rooms on the fourth floor of the chapel, excluding the French room, are to be known as the Women's Group, consisting of the dean's office, study, rest room and ante-rooms. October first the upper class girls met and elected committees to confer with Miss White and carry out plans for fitting the "fron" as an up-to-date study. Painting, papering and carpentering have been going on for the past three weeks. At the present time things are in a chaotic state.

Before another month has passed, the whole place will have been transformed. Just open the door, then step into the "fron" to look around. "Voici" a quiet, artistic room, the walls, shelves, all in a restful green. Three long study tables with comfortable chairs occupy the center of the floor; on the right are three low book shelves filled with dictionaries and all sorts of reference books.

A couple of desks and a number of easy chairs with pillows,

oh yes, and a clock, complete the furnishing of this attractive spot. Beyond is the rest room, a retreat for anyone feeling tired or ill. In the ante-room is a rack supplied with newspapers, and also the post-office with boxes from A to Z, where notes may be slipped by and for women only.

Best of all is the quiet atmosphere of the place. The women appreciate the conveniences supplied them, and upper and lower class women alike unite in making the place what it should be—a true study.

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## PRESIDENT THOMAS PROPOSES TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR PUPILS.

### EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT WHICH SHOULD ANIMATE SCHOOLS.

TEN commandments for students were proposed by President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College in the course of an address before the University Convocation at Albany N. Y., on October 30. He was speaking on moral education and suggested the commandments as being indicative of the spirit which should animate the work of educational institutions. The following are the commandments:

1. Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the end of all thy work.

2. Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.

3. Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth and welcome all truth gladly, whether it bring thee or the world joy or suffering, pleasure or hardship, ease or toil.

4. Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.

5. Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with the yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.

6. Thou shalt respect the right and pleasure of others, claiming no privilege of service, and allowing thyself no joy which does not increase the joy of thy fellow men.

7. Thou shalt love thy friends more than thyself, thy college more than thy friends, thy country more than thy college, and God more than all else.

8. Thou shalt joy in the excellence of others, and despise all rewards saving the gratitude of thy fellows and the approval of God.

9. Thou shalt live by thy best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals thou dost most admire in other men.

10. Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.

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## STUDENT NOTES.

R. P. Dale, '11, has returned to college.

Frederick A. Coates, '11, expects to return to his studies soon.

R. B. Twitchell, ex-'10, has entered college after a year's absence.

The library will close at nine o'clock instead of ten o'clock as hertofore.

Robert B. Currier, '11, has re-entered college after almost a year's absence.

R. H. Waldo, Sr., father of R. H. Waldo, '13, visited his son here recently.

Miss Jennie Harris, '13, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

Miss Grace Peaslee, '13, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

A small party of college people enjoyed a ride and supper at Vergennes October 17.

John English, '12, has had to leave college for this year on account of his health.

Miss M. Isabelle Delavan, '12, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

Rev. F. M. Wilson, pastor of the Episcopal church of Middlebury, led chapel recently.

Miss Gertrude Stone of Springfield, Vt., has been visiting her sister, Vera Stone, '12, recently.

Miss Kathleen Driscoll gave a party to a few friends Thursday evening, October 21.

Ralph F. Palmer, '11, who was absent from college during the first two weeks, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Grupe of Willsboro, N. Y., visited their son, Carl D. Grupe, '12, on Wednesday, October 20.

Miss Martha Miebert gave an "Oldtime" Hallowe'en party to a large number of giris Saturday evening, October 30.

Millard F. Blanchard, '12, passed Sunday, October 17, with his parents in Rutland. Reynolds, '13, accompanied him.

The Gamma Delta Rho (the auburn haired) were pleasantly entertained Saturday, October 23, by Miss Pruda Harwodd, '12.

Raymond McFarland, A. M., assistant professor of secondary education has just published "A Compendium of Solid Geometry."

President Thomas attended the inauguration of President Lowell, at Cambriflge, Mass; and also that of President Nichols at Hanover, N. H.

On the evening of October 21, fifteen students found it possible to attend the American Missionary convention, then being held in Burlington.

Dr. Boardman, '51, delivered an address to the students in chapel during his recent vitit here. The address appears elsewhere in this issue.

Coach Pierce addresed the students in chapel Saturday, October 16, asking them to turn out a little better for football practice than they have thus far.

Delta Upsilon gave a dance Saturday, Novemher 6, in the chapter rooms. About eighteen couples attended, chaperoned by Professor and Mrs. Frank Cady.

D. H. T. Brooks, '11, has been obliged to leave college on account of his eyes. He is expected to return as soon as he is able to continue in his studies.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity gave a dance Saturday evening, October 16, in Odd Fellows' hall. Coach and Mrs. Arthur J. Pierce were the chaperones.

Harold D. Leach, '10, and J. Gordon Peach, '11, represented the local chapter of Delta Upsilon at the seventy-fifth annual national convention held in Boston November 3 to 6.

George Darrow, '10, and William Darrow, '11, were absent from college for several days on account of the death of their father, Guy Darrow, who died Friday, October 15.

The freshmen have started an orchestra with the following players: Violins, Reynolds and Culver; cornets, Walsh and Wylie; trombone, McMurtry; piano, Parker; drums, Fowler.

The office of assistant business manager of the 1911 *Kaleidoscope* has been changed to business manager, thus making John M. Avery and Amerigo J. Ratti business managers of the pnbcation.

At a meeting of the Glee Club the following officers were chosen: manager, H. A. Burnham, '11; assistant manager, H. O. Thayer, '12; leader, B. S. Stewart, '11; assistant leader, R. A. Kilburn, 11.

R. C. Ryder, '10, was elected captain of the college track team for the coming season. The track management is endeavoring to arrange for a triangular meet between Middlebury, Norwich and St. Lawrence.

President Thomas addressed the New York State Teachers' Association at Albany recently. His topic was "Moral Instruction in High School and College." From Albany he went to Englewood, N. J., where he preached the following Sunday.

Edwin S. S. Sunderland, '11, delegate, and Egbert C. Hadley, '10, left on the sleeper Monday, November 8, to attend the sixty-third annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity which was held in Philadelphia November 9-13.

The class day appointments made by the senior class are: Ivy Orator, Lyman Morhous; Class Will, Paul Ross; Orator, Richard Currier; Poet, Angeline Wilcox; Historian, Edith Grout; Prophet, Greta Cater; Essayest, Anna Butler; Junior Marshall, E. S. S. Sunderland.

The woman's chorus met for the first time this year, Tuesday, October 19. Over fifty women were present. Mrs. Howard is leader, the same as last year. Sixteen girls will be selected from the chorus to form the Glee Club, the latter giving the out-of-town concerts while the chorus proper will give a cantata in Middlebury.

November 8th, the Alpha Alpha chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon held its annual initiation banquet at The Addison. The

new initiates are John Warren Hamilton, '12, of Brattleboro, Vt.; John Alanson Arnold, '13, of St. Albans, Vt.; John Comstock Agnew, '13, of Port Henry, N. Y.; William Wallace Chalmers, '13, of Fitchburg, Mass.; Marvin J. Dodd, '13, East Orange, N. J. Several sister chapters were represented.

Mr. Guy Aldrich, traveling secretary for the student's volunteer movement, addressed the students at the chapel October 24th. He spoke of the Y. M. C. A. work as helping to complete the rounded education and development which all college men should strive for. He then spoke of the student volunteer movement convention to be held in Rochester, N. Y., December 29—January 2, next and urged the student body as a whole, to help the Y. M. C. A. in sending a delegate to this convention.

The following class officers have been chosen at recent meetings: Seniors: president, Ray Fisher; vice-president, Alice Raymond; secretary-treasurer, George Darrow. Juniors: president, Walter H. Cleary; vice-president, Jennie B. McLellan; secretary-treasurer, Stephen Doody. Sophomores: president, Royal Wray; vice-president, Pruda E. Harwood; secretary, John Kopke; treasurer, Michael J. Lahiff. Freshmen: president, Edgar J. Wiley, vice-president, Marian Reynolds; secretary, Caroline Buttolph; treasurer, Russel W. Hallock.

The annual flag scrap between the sophomores and freshmen took place Monday, November 1, at 1:30 p. m. The sophomores placed a banner on the top of a pole ten feet high, back of Painter Hall, just within the track surrounding the athletic field. At a given signal the freshmen made a rush for the pole in two divisions from opposite directions and attempted to drive away the sophomores, who were stationed around the pole. The sophomores were outnumbered and soon even the soph. at the top of the pole was pulled down. At this point a third party of freshmen rushed out from behind Painter Hall and soon had the banner. Culver succeeded in tearing down the banner after three minutes' scrapping, although the freshmen were allowed fifteen.

The freshman class held its annual banquet at the Hotel Bardwell, Rutland, Tuesday, October 12. A special train was chartered, which left Middlebury at 3:20 p. m. In spite of the watchful sophomores, the plans worked to perfection. Class president Wiley and Toastmaster Smiddy left Middlebury secretly

in an automobile, meeting the special at Brandon. At the Bardwell games were enjoyed until eight o'clock, when the banquetors assembled for the "feed." After the banquet the following responded to toasts: C. L. Smiddy, J. A. Arnold, Miss Boyce, Clinton Reynolds, Miss E. W. Hatch, W. K. McMurtry, Miss B. H. Smith, D. S. Atwood, Miss M. D. Johnston. After the toasts dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock, when the special took them back to Middlebury.

On Friday evening, October 22, a smoker was held in Hamlin Commons, and was attended by about two-thirds of the men students. The purpose of the meeting was to arouse enthusium for the game with Williams 2nds on the next day. Enthusiastic speeches, containing a good deal of "pepper," and interspersed with college songs, were made by Professor Brown, Coach Peirce, Captain Carter, Manager Leach, and Professor McGilton. An orchestra, composed entirely of freshmen, rendered excellent music. Burnham, '11, gave a reading which was received with great applause. At the instigation of Coach Pierce, nearly enough subscriptions were pledged to purchase a tackling dummy for the football squad. After singing a few more songs, the meeting broke up.

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# ALUMNI NOTES.

[Contrary to the usual custom, and perhaps contrary to the strict rendering of the title, the alumni and non-graduate notes are included under this department. We urge all alumni and all former sons of Middlebury to remember that the success of this department depends upon their contributions. Contributions should be addressed to G. G. Taylor, Alumni Editor, Middlebury, Vt.]

'70. Harlan Sylvester Perrigo visited his son, Harlan S. Jr., '10, recently.

'77. Rev. Calvin B. Moody, for six years pastor of the Congregational church, Bristol, Conn., has received a call to the presidency of Kingfisher College, Oklahoma. Kingfisher College was founded by Parker, '69.

Ex.78. Richard H. Smith was elected City Judge of New York over his Tammany opponent, Roesch. He polled a larger vote than any of the other fusion candidates.

'81–'83. Rev. James L. Barbor, D. D., L.L. D., is the contributor of a chapter on "Theory and Method of Foreign Missions" in the volume prepared by professors and alumni of Hartford Theological Seminary. The same volume contains a chapter on "The Progress of Christianity in Japan," by Rev. George M. Rowland, D. D.

'83. Rev. Elmer P. Miller, rector of St. Luke's Church, Catskill, delivered an address in Schenectady, N. Y., October 19, on "Essentials of Universal Peace," suggested by events in the year 1759.

'90. Adelbert A. Lavery is now superintendent of schools at Fort Edward, N. Y., having removed from Ballston Spa at the beginning of the school year.

'90. At the inauguration of Dr. Ernest Fox Nichols as president of Dartmouth College last week Thursday, Dr. John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College, was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This is the third time the honor has been conferred on Mr. Thomas, having previously received the degree from Middlebury and also from Amherst. Dr. Thomas was present at the inauguration ceremonies.

'91. Ezra W. Benedict is principal of Walden High School, Walden, N. Y.

'92. Andrew A. Macdonald was elected a representative to the New York legislature from Franklin county.

'95. Dr. G. D. Scott has been appointed assistant visiting physician to the Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital of New York City.

Ex.'99. Twin sons were born to Mrs. Ethel Waterman Boyden, September 10.

'99. Capt. Ernest J. Waterman, Co. I., 1st Inf., V. N. G., Brattleboro, has tendered his resignation to Adjt.-Gen. W. H. Gilmore, of Fairlee, to take effect at once. He enlisted in the company in 1897, when a student at Middlebury College and went to Chickamaugua at the outbreak of the war with Spain as a private. He has held his captain's commission for two years.

'02. Gilbert W. Roberts has opened law offices under the firm name of Munson & Roberts at No. 2 Rector street, New York city.

'04. Rev. L. E. Sunderland of Trinity cathedral, Cleveland, recently visited his brother.

'04. Dr. Philip E. Mellen and Mary Hagar Mellen, '05, are rejoicing over the birth of a son.

'07. Frank R. Long is practicing law in New York city.

'07. E. M. Gove is head of the Science department of the Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

'08. Merrill S. June entered the Law School of Michigan University this fall.

'09. Miss Margaret Whitney is teaching in Granby, Mass.

Ex-'11. John Lucius Buttolph is with the Great Shoshone and Twin Falls Power Company at Woodhead Camp, Wendell, Idaho.

Among the Middlebury graduates who attended the forty-seventh University Convocation of the State of New York at Albany, October 28-30, were A. A. Lavery, '90, Fort Edward, N. Y.; F. D. Boynton, '91, Ithica, N. Y.; Ezra W. Benedict, '91, Walden, N. Y.; Miss Bertha R. Collins, '02, Hudson, N. Y.; and Miss Vida A. Dunbar, '98, Hudson, N. Y.

Among recent alumni visitors are: Miss Florence Allen, '95, Miss Grace Buttolph, '08, Miss Hazel McLeod, '09, Miss Caroline Clark, '09, Miss Cora Derby, '09, Julius A. Wilcox, '02, Arthur W. Eddy, '04, John A. Viele, '09, L. D. Smith, '09, R. C. Holt, '09, H. M. Hall, '09, John E. Stetson, '00, Edward M. Roscoe, '96, Edward H. Dorsey, '96.

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## IN THE COLLEGE WORLD.

The student's debating society at Michigan will formally discuss the Cook–Peary controversy at a joint debate.

Wisconsin University has planned her campus for the next fifty years, with proposed accomodations for 15,000 students.

*The Outlook* says, The college collects, analyzes and interprets the facts about everything but itself. It does not know whether its student body is unduly emphasizing rank, or athletics or club life. It guesses, but does not know what legitimate factors in college activities have been unduly increased.

For the first time within the memory of the present generation of Michigan undergraduates, the annual rush this year will be held by daylight.

Soph. (in lab.)—Mr. Carey, would you judge this to be a cobalt bead?

Mr. Carey—I couldn't say; I was out late last night, and would rather not attempt to judge any colors to-day.

William Arnold Shanklin was inaugurated as president of Wesleyan University on Friday, November 12. In addition to President Taft, a number of well-known men took part in the inauration exercises.

Washington University has invented something new in underclass flag rushes. A pennant put in a box, is buried one foot under ground and the place marked out by chalk. At a given signal the freshmen rush in to dig up the flag, resisted by the waiting 1912 men, and if the box is lifted above the ground the freshmen win. Ropes, pick-axes and shovels are tabooed.

The *Delta Upsilon Quarterly* records the death of three honorary members of Delta Upsilon—Senator Proctor, Rev. Dr. Weston and Grand Duke Alexis. The last named, an uncle of the present Czar of Russia, visited the United States about thirty years ago. He is perhaps the only foreigner and certainly the only sprig of royalty ever elected to honorary membership in an American college fraternity.

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## FROM THE EXCHANGES.

Nothing more clearly expresses the sentiments of Harvard in seasons of athletic rivalry than the time-honored "To Hell with Yale!" Once when Dean Briggs of Harvard and Edward Everett Hale were on their way to a game at Soldiers' Field a friend asked:

"Where are you going, Dean?"

"To yell with Hale," answered Briggs with a meaning smile.

Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature that the prison angel gave him to read. "Nuttin' but continued stories," he grumbled, "an' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

Two doctors met in the hall of the hospital.

"Well," said the first, "what's new this morning?"

"I've got a most curious case. Woman, cross-eyed—in fact so cross-eyed that when she cries the tears run down her back."

"What are you doing for her?"

"Just now," was the answer, "we're treating her for bacteria."

At dinner, the professor of history was seated between two young ladies who, in accordance with their training in the art of conversation, sought to draw him out upon the subject in which he was most interested. They did not meet with much success. His answers were short. "Yes,"—"Oliver Cromwell." "No,"—"1492," and the like.

Finally one of them in desperation ventured: "Professor, we were wondering only this afternoon and none of us could remember. How many children did Mary, Queen of Scots, have?"

This was too much. "Madam," cried the professor, facing her with squelching dignity, I am not a scandal monger."


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Jack—"Broken yourself of the habit?"

Bill—"Quit goin."

First Laborer—"How do you like them college boys' cheer?"

Second Ditto—"I got docked an hour yesterday, taking it for the quit whistle."

Are not the spelling reformers almost criminally careless in overlooking the importance of striking out a silent letter or two in the word "Wednesday?"

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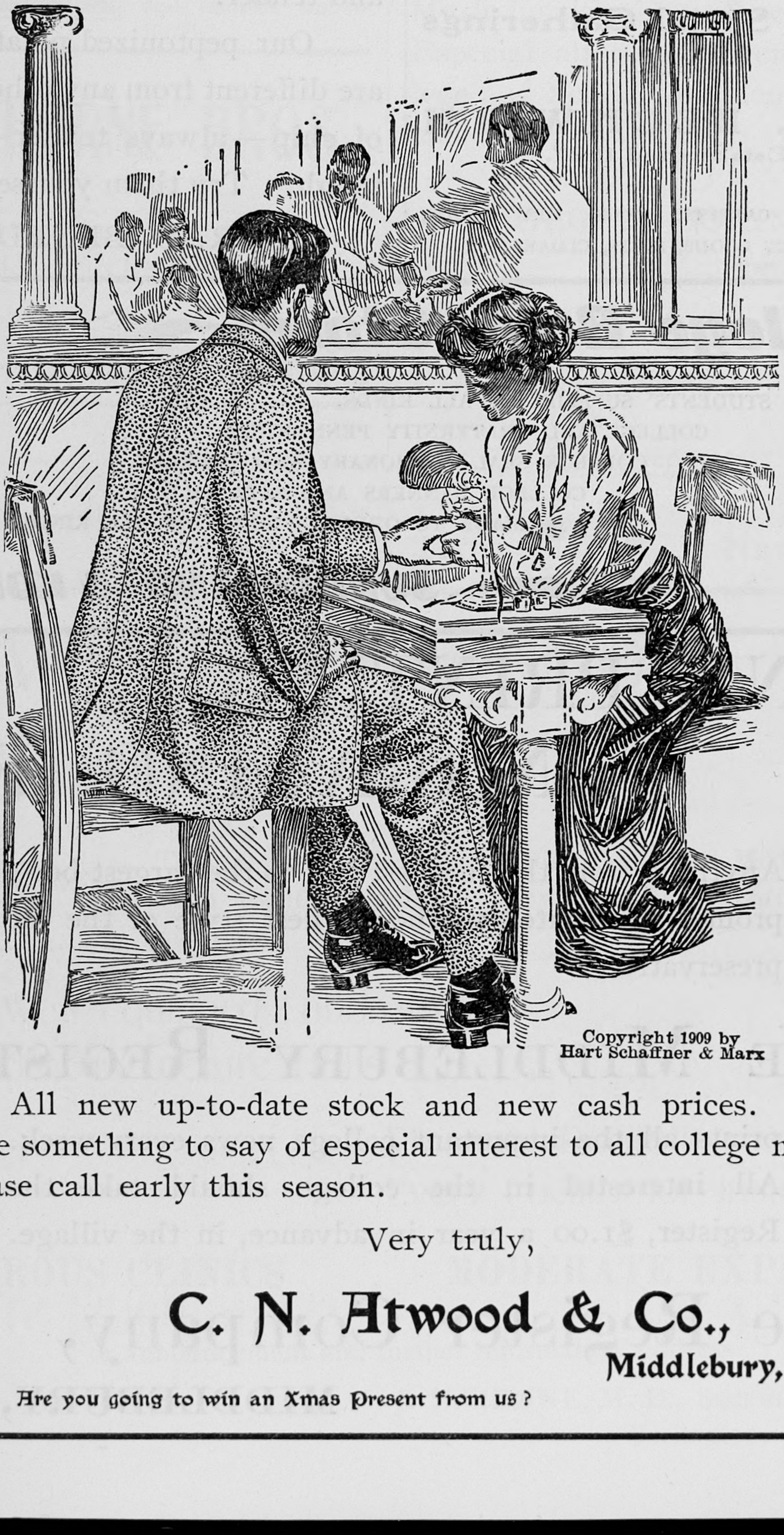

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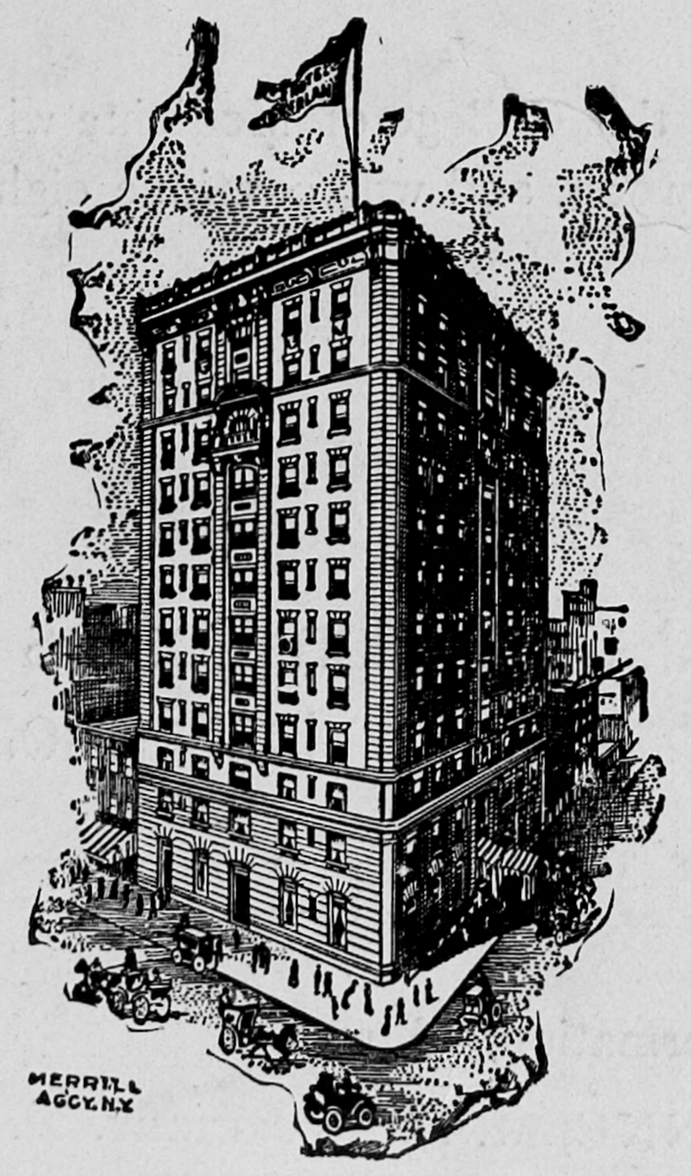


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